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*Paul L. Ford at Home*

# The Critic

An Illustrated Monthly Review  
of Literature, Art and Life

Vol. XXXIII  
Old Series

NOVEMBER, 1898

No. 857



Twenty  
Cents  
a  
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PHOTO. BY HIRST

LONDON

*Son proud to command  
Richard Mansfield.*

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SEE PAGE 514 AND THE DRAMA.



# The Critic

An Illustrated Monthly Review  
of Literature, Art and Life

Vol. XXXIII  
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NOVEMBER, 1898

No. 857

## The Lounger

MR. WHISTLER the irrepressible is rampant again—this time over the appearance of the "front matter" of his forthcoming book in the pages of *The Critic* for October. This book is "Eden *versus* Whistler: The Baronet and the Butterfly"—an account of the celebrated case in which Mr. Whistler figured as a principal in the Paris courts, the husband of one of his sitters being the other party to the suit. A cablegram to the New York *Sun* represents Mr. Heinemann, the artist's London publisher, as indignant at what he terms the publication of a garbled and unauthorized text in *The Critic*, which he insinuates must have been obtained by "methods similar to those employed by Schwartzkoppen's janitor in the Dreyfus case." The editor's reply to this insinuation is the simple but conclusive one, that the text in question was reprinted from advance-sheets furnished for the purpose by Mr. Russell, the American publisher of the book. The frontispiece of the October *Critic* was a hitherto unpublished portrait of Mr. Whistler by Mr. Mortimer Mompes.

A BOOK HAS RECENTLY APPEARED in London, written by a Frenchman who was at one time valet to William II, and as one might expect from a gentleman who held this interesting office, he gives many minute particulars as to the Emperor's daily life. He tells us that as soon as he awakes in the morning, the Kaiser takes a cold plunge, breakfasts early, more after the manner of an Englishman than of a continental, and by nine has transacted some of the most important business of the day. The Empress always breakfasts with him, which is certainly a proof of her devotion, as his breakfast hour varies from five to seven. It is not often that an Emperor can see himself as his valet sees him. Napoleon the Great, to have done this, would have had to come back to life, for it was many years after his death before his valet told us the secrets of the bed-chamber. Any such familiar revelations of his peculiarities might have cost their revealer his life, had the subject been able to read them. It is safer to gossip about the living to-day than it was a hundred years ago.

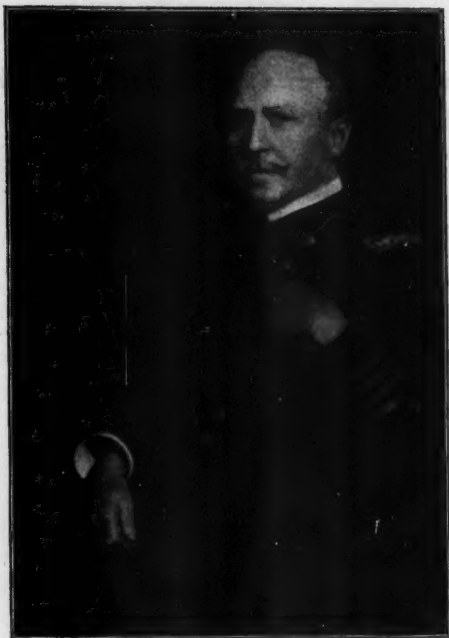


PHOTO. FOR THE CRITIC

HOLLINGER &amp; CO.

CAPT. FRENCH E. CHADWICK, U. S. N.

CAPT. CHADWICK, of Admiral Sampson's flagship, the New York, has been secured by both *Scribner's* and *McClure's*, as a contributor to the series of war papers in those two magazines. He had an almost unrivalled opportunity of observing, as well as of participating in, the war in West Indian waters; even at the destruction of Cervera's fleet, though his ship followed the fleeing and fighting squadrons at too great a distance to drop hot shot upon the Spaniards' decks, the bridge of the vessel afforded a fine view of the famous engagement, and enabled the flag-captain and his chief to see how well the plans of the latter were carried out. It was on the New York that Hobson's daring plan was elaborated, and New York "jackies" were the lieutenant's companions on the memorable night of the sinking of the Merrimac. Capt. Chadwick is a thorough sea-dog, but one who works and fights on the most approved scientific principles. His seven years' experience as Attaché at the American Legation in London, with authority to visit any part of Europe at his discretion, made him even more a man of the world than globe-sailing makes every naval officer. His articles will be read with interest.

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EVERYONE who knows anything about the stage, knows that an actor's life is not as gay and festive as it appears from before the foot-lights. A few know just how much work a "star" has to do before he

makes a "production." Take Mr. Richard Mansfield, for example. You hear how much money he makes as an actor, and think how easily he makes it. But he does not make it easily; he does it by hard work. During the hot days of August and September, he came down from Rye, his summer home, and rehearsed "Cyrano de Bergerac" from eleven to five o'clock daily. Then he went home, but not always to rest, for his wife was ill and he was anxious about her; and then a new-born baby in the house is always a disturbing element, even if it is a well-spring of pleasure. In this same play, Mr. Mansfield is on the stage much longer than is usual even with a star. In fact, he seems seldom to be off it. The play runs from eight till twenty minutes of twelve; and there are five acts, and for him five changes of costume. On the days when there are matinees, he arrives at the theatre at a quarter before one, enters a pent-up dressing room on the stage where there is little or no ventilation, and until the curtain is rung up spends the time on his make-up and dressing. After he comes off the stage, he is rubbed down and dressed in everyday dress. By this time it is nearly six o'clock. He has an hour for a little exercise and his dinner; then back to the theatre, and the same thing to go through with till nearly midnight, so that by the time he gets to his home in Eightieth Street, it is one o'clock or later.

THIS WOULD not be so bad if there were not so much mental strain. In the first place, it took no little courage to make so expensive a production. Mr. Mansfield is said to have spent over \$40,000 on scenery and costumes. And as everyone who has seen the play knows, he bears almost the whole burden of it. It would be easier, too, if the play were in prose, but as most of his lines are in rhyme, he cannot afford to get a single word wrong. If the public appreciates his work as it should, he will have his reward, not only in hard cash but in the consciousness that he has done more to "elevate the stage" than could be done by a hundred sermons or essays. One of the best photographs I have ever seen, by the way, is the one of Mr. Mansfield from which the frontispiece of this number of *The Critic* is reproduced.

MR. ANDREW LANG cannot complain of the want of attention on the part of the poets. An anthology has just been privately printed in England which contains forty poems, and he is the subject of each one of them. I wonder if this collection contains the poem printed some time ago in these columns. It was short, but to the point,—

"If you, Lang, will  
I. Zang will."

MR. RUSKIN is said to have remarked to a friend, recently, "I am afraid the public take more interest in my books than I do now myself." I don't know how much interest he takes in his own work, but there certainly seems to be a revival of interest in it on the part of the public. Mr. Ruskin's health, by the way, seems to be about the same, though that he is pretty feeble is proved by the fact that he goes around in a bath-chair.



PEN DRAWING BY HIMSELF

SIR JOHN TENNIEL, R. I.

SIR JOHN TENNIEL, who has been the cartoonist of *Punch* for forty-seven years, is hale and hearty at seventy-eight. His work is well known in this country, but his name is known to but few and his personality to none. When you say that he made the illustrations for Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-glass," thousands of people will exclaim, "Of course we know those pictures—we were brought up on them; but we didn't know they were his!" Tenniel lives in London, where he was born, and the great city has no more enthusiastic admirer. He lives on Maida Hill and works in a studio built over what was once the little garden of the house. Only of late years has he given up drawing directly on the block, which proves his conservatism. Although his political cartoons are probably the most influential in the world, he said once, in an interview, "As for political opinions, I have none; at least, if I have my own little politics, I keep them to myself, and profess only those of my paper." In all the years that he has been drawing for *Punch*, illness has kept Sir John from contributing to only two or three numbers. It speaks well for the healthfulness of London that in that time he has hardly been away for more than a week. He attributes his fine condition to regular riding. The portrait here reproduced is from a pen-and-ink drawing by himself which appeared in "The History of *Punch*" by Mr. M. H. Spielman, published by the Cassell Publishing Co. If I did not know that Sir John was an artist, I should think that he was a captain of dragoons, judging by his mustache.

SO THE long-expected and much-talked-of Bismarck Memoirs are at last disposed of. At first great doubt was expressed as to their existence. When that was proved, and an agent of the German publisher appeared in London to dispose of the English and American rights, it appeared that he wanted \$100,000 for the two countries and would only promise the two earlier volumes. The third and later one, which is said to be the most exciting because the most contemporaneous, was not only excluded from this price, but no guarantee was given that the publisher who ventured his \$100,000 would get the third volume even if he were willing to pay for it at the same rate. No one was found foolish enough to accept these terms, and I doubt if the German agent believed that he would get them. Rather than return home with the MS. in his pocket, he listened to reason and accepted \$60,000 for both countries, Messrs. Harper agreeing to pay \$30,000 for the American rights, while Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. agreed to give a like amount for England.

THE MUNICH *Allgemeine Zeitung* of Oct. 9 gives an account of the events preceding the publication of the memoirs of Prince Bismarck. They bear the title of "Thoughts and Reminiscences." As early as 1889, it seems, the Cotta publishing firm inquired of Prince Bismarck whether he possessed any memoirs.

"The Prince replied that he had none, and so long as he was in office he could furnish no records. After his resignation in July, 1890, an agreement was come to by which the Cotta firm was entrusted with the publication of his memoirs. The title was selected by the Prince himself, and, speaking from memory, he dictated his recollections to Lothar Bucher, leaving the latter to fill in the dates afterwards. After the death of Bucher, Prince Bismarck was assisted in the compilation of the memoirs by Dr. Chrysander. The publication of the work is now in the charge of Prof. Horst Kohl, and two volumes of the memoirs will be published in November." The *Allgemeine Zeitung* adds that whoever expects sensational disclosures will be disappointed, though occasionally bright gleams of humor will be found, and, where the Prince's opponents are concerned, satire. The memoirs consist chiefly of "grave thoughts and recollections which the mighty founder of German unity has left as a last legacy to his people at his death."

The book will probably be published early in December. Translators are already at work upon it, the expense of translation being shared by the English and American publishers.

PUBLISHERS MIGHT well take a lesson from clergymen in the art of advertising. The only difficulty in the way is that publishers want to advertise their wares only, while clergymen who go in for advertising at all, seek to advertise themselves. A notorious instance—but, then, why help his cause? Another, not quite so notorious, but in a fair way to be so, is the Rev. Blankety Blank, who had notices posted in the wings and in the lobby of the Knickerbocker Theatre recently, announcing that on a certain Sunday night he would preach on John Storm and Glory Quayle, and inviting the company and the audience to come and hear him. I am afraid that yellowness is throwing its baneful hue over the pulpit in New York.





"A NATURAL CURIOSITY AT ST. HELENA"

IN AN OLD HOUSE in New Jersey, built by an ancestor of mine over a hundred years ago, hangs the original of this picture of "A Natural Curiosity at St. Helena," which professes to have been "Drawn from Nature on the Spot." As the town where the homestead stands is the one that sheltered the Bonapartes when they were exiled to America, it is quite likely that this picture of Napoleon's tomb was brought to this country by a member of his family. Just how much imagination has done to emphasize the figure of the Emperor between the trees is more than I can say, but the picture has always interested me and I suppose that it will interest my readers. Prof. Sloane, than whom no one in America is better versed in Napoleonia, had never heard of the "curiosity" till I wrote to him about it.



WHEN "The Shadow Christ"—that remarkable book by the Rev. Gerald Stanley Lee—was in preparation for the press, two years ago, the author was asked by his publishers if there were not some way in which it might be made to appear that the occasional severity of its strictures on the Hebrews of the Old Testament was due not to any racial or religious prejudice, but to a dispassionate study of the men of those primitive times, in the light of a more complex and highly developed civilization. By return of post came this disclaimer, for publication in the book itself, where it stands as Chapter IV. It is safe to say that a more concise and eloquent appreciation of the Hebrew race has seldom if ever proceeded from a Christian pen. And its appearance at the present day is especially timely, when a whole nation is in the pillory for its blind persecution of a Jew as a Jew. The Critic Co. has republished this chapter as the eighth in its series of Leaflets—a four-page pamphlet, printed on handmade paper with rubricated title.



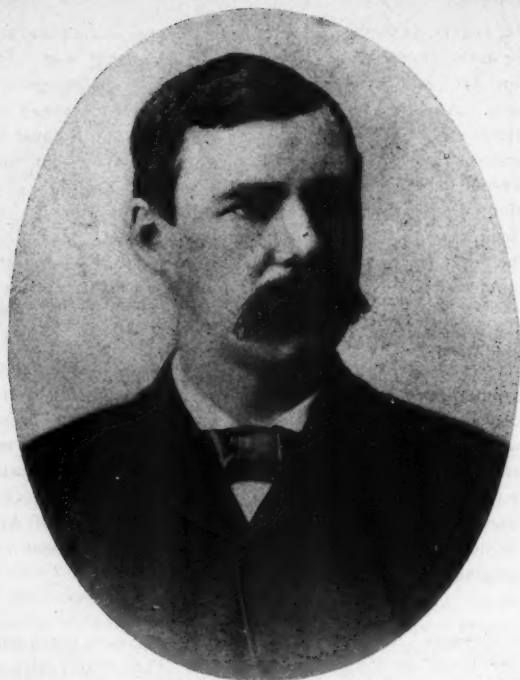
MR. ISRAEL ZANGWILL lectured before a large audience at the Lyceum Theatre in the afternoon of October 11. His subject was "The Drama as a Fine Art," and he "held his audience," as the saying goes, for nearly two hours. Anyone who has ever heard Mr. Zangwill speak will not be surprised at this statement. He holds his audiences because he always says something worth hearing, and he sprinkles his wisdom with a judicious amount of wit. His lecture, by the way, has excited a good deal of discussion, apparently for the reason that he takes a different view of the drama from that of—let us say the famous Syndicate. One of the cleverest of the many clever things that Mr. Zangwill has said is that the trouble with actors is that they think more of a part than they do of the whole.

IT IS INTERESTING to note that the three prizes in *The Century Magazine* competition for the best story, poem, and essay, open to students who received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1897, have been won by young women. The humiliating part of it, however, is that more men than women competed. Pleased by the success of this competition *The Century* will continue to give annually three prizes of \$250 each, open to competitors who have received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in any college or university in the United States, the work to be done within one year of graduation.

THE LONDON *Daily Chronicle* is getting almost as much advertising out of Mr. Louis de Rougemont as is *The Wide World Magazine*. It has made an investigation into the antecedents of Rougemont, and declares that his real name is Grien; that he was not born in Paris, but Switzerland; that he was at one time the courier of a well-known actress with whom he traveled in England, Italy and America; and that for the past seventeen years he has lived at Sydney, New South Wales, where he has a wife and child, and where he is known as Henri Grien. This would seem to dispose of the Cannibal Chief myth. A pity, too, for the story was a pretty one as it stood.

MME. ADELINA PATTI has taken out letters of naturalization in England, and thereby given great offence to France. A writer in the Paris *Figaro* says that for the first time in her life she has sounded a false note. It seems to me that it is not France but Spain that ought to feel badly about Mme. Patti's desertion. For if all accounts be true, she was born at Madrid. America might have a little grievance as well as France, for she came to this country when she was a mere child, and made her first appearance here, not as a singer, as you might naturally suppose, but as a violinist; and before she appeared behind the footlights as a soloist on this instrument, she had sat in the orchestra and played with as much vigor as the men by whom she was surrounded. But, after all, Mme. Patti has lived longer in England and Wales than anywhere else; she made her greatest successes in England, and has made a large part of her money there, though perhaps not the larger part.





MR. HAROLD FREDERIC

IN THE LAST NUMBER of *The Critic* I mentioned that Mr. Harold Frederic had had a stroke of paralysis. In this number I have to record his death at Henley, England, on the morning of Oct. 19, heart-disease being the immediate cause. Mr. Frederic was only forty-two years old. He was a native of Utica, N. Y., and began his career as a proof-reader on the *Herald* of that city. He made rapid strides, and at twenty-six took editorial charge of the Albany *Evening Journal*. This was in 1882, and two years later he was given control of the New York *Times's* foreign bureau, and went to London to live. His letters to that journal have always been marked by vigorous expression. He had his opinions and he expressed them boldly, often aggressively, and always in striking literary style. It was as a novelist, however, that he will continue to be known. Although written in England his stories were thoroughly American. Western New York was the scene of most of them, and they were racy of the soil. The first, "Seth's Brother's Wife," was published serially in *Scribner's Magazine*. The last story, "The Damnation of Theron Ware"—published in England as "Illumination,"—was the most popular of his novels and had a large sale on both sides of the water. It was really the only one that attracted much attention in England, but Mr. Heinemann, his London publisher, believed in him and published all of his novels. Mr. Frederic left two completed novels—"Gloria Mundi," which is just published by Messrs. H. S. Stone & Co., and "The Market Place," which will run as a serial in *The Saturday Evening Post*, Philadelphia.

AN INTERVIEWER who wanted to get at the bottom of recent rumors has asked Sir Henry Irving if there is any truth in the report that Miss Terry is to leave the Lyceum Company. To the inquiry, Sir Henry replied:—"Absolutely none. Such rumors come from a certain class of irresponsible writers who seem to take a fiendish delight in slander, and I only regret that reputable newspapers should copy these silly and mendaciously flat statements." Sir Henry and Miss Terry purpose revisiting the United States before long. They will play a round of their old parts, and some new ones too. Sir Henry has had an adaptation of "Cyrano de Bergerac" made especially for him, and will produce the play at the London Lyceum.

ANOTHER AMERICAN lady than the Viceroy's wife who will hold a high official position in India is Mrs. Dawkins, wife of the new India Finance Minister. Her maiden name was Annie Swan, and she is said to have written a story, called "A Son of Erin," of which the late Charles Stewart Parnell is the hero. Mrs. Dawkins must not be confounded with Mrs. Annie S. Swan, who is said to be the favorite story-teller of the average Scotchman, and who is also the editor of *The Woman at Home*. She, too, is married, and has another name. Swan is her pen-name, and as most Englishwomen write with a quill, it is not a bad one.

I AM GLAD to hear that Mr. William Watson, who is living at Guildford, a picturesque old town within easy wheeling distance of London, is preparing an edition of his poems in two volumes for Messrs. Macmillan. It is said that he is "disposed to devote his energies to prose in the form of literary criticism." There is no doubt that Mr. Watson would make an acute critic, but it would be a pity if he decided to give up poetry for prose.

MR. PAUL MEYER, who has just returned from abroad, tells me that M. Zola has promised to visit America in the spring. He may change his mind before that time, but Mr. Meyer feels quite confident that he will come.

MR. THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, who with his wife and twin sons, now grown to manhood, is making a tour of the world, will take in the Philippines on his return voyage. It will be interesting to know what a poet and a man of taste thinks of those far-away and much-discussed islands. But perhaps Mr. Aldrich does not intend to make a book of his journey. Having the most delightful memories of his "From Ponkapog to Pesth," I am hoping for a book about the present trip. If there is one well-established fact about Mr. Aldrich, it is that he never writes unless he has something to say. If he writes about this journey, we may expect something not to be found in ordinary books of travel.



PHOTO. BY PRINCE

WASHINGTON

THE HON. A. A. ADEE

THE PORTRAIT of the Hon. John Hay, at the conclusion of the article on "Author-Diplomats" in the October *Critic*, faces the page on which appears a translation from "Faust," over the signature of the Hon. A. A. Adee. Mr. Adee, as it happens, was Secretary of State *ad interim* during the period between the acceptance of Judge Day's resignation and the assumption of the office by Mr. Hay. Few men have ever had so good a training for this high post as Mr. Hay; and no one in the diplomatic service has been better fitted for the position of Assistant Secretary than Mr. Adee, who more than once has been offered the First Assistant Secretaryship, but has preferred, as a position more permanent, the next lower rank, which he has held for many years. There are no better exemplars of the scholar in politics than these two secretaries—poets and linguists both, and writers of the most finished prose. Each, it is interesting to note, acquired much of his early experience in connection with the State Department as an attaché at Madrid.

THERE IS NO REASON why Mr. Thomas Hardy should not write poetry, but it is hard to think of him as anything but a novelist. Messrs. Harper have a volume of his poems on the press, however, entitled "Wessex Poems, and Other Verses." It will have over thirty illustrations by the author himself. This latter statement is not so surprising, because it is well known that Mr. Hardy studied architecture, as a young man, but fortunately for the world forsook that branch of art for literature.

MR. W. J. LAMBTON writes to me to complain of the outdoor statuary to be seen in this and other cities. "I have," he said, "come to the conclusion that Art is off her pedestal, so to speak, when she permits a bareheaded man in indoor attire and surroundings to be set up upon a stone or bronze base exposed to all kinds of weather." Mr. Lambton thinks that this is all very well for mythical persons or deities; but when it comes to people we knew in real life, he calls it "a strain on the artistic unities, which is entirely unwarranted by the facts." He particularly objects to the statue of the late Horace Greeley in Printing-House Square. Mr. Greeley "sits out there in his editorial chair, presumably, with the storms of winter beating upon his office clothes and his bare, bald head, while his newspaper has fallen away to his side, clasped in a gloveless hand." If Mr. Lambton finds that his soul is harrowed by the sight of these statues, the only thing that I can suggest to relieve the harrowing is to have two sets of statues, one for winter, the other for summer service. Let Mr. Greeley sit bareheaded in Printing-House Square during the dog-days, but when the frosts of winter beat and the chill winds make an Æolian harp of the rungs of his chair, let another statue be set up—one that will show him in a long ulster and turned-up collar, with a fur cap pulled well down over his ears.

THE ART SEASON opens with a comprehensive exhibition of Mr. Whistler's etchings, dry-points and lithographs, at Wunderlich's, and an exhibition of drawings illustrative of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" and of Bunyan, by the brothers Rhead, at Keppel's. The latter artists are very successful in their treatment of Celtic interlaced ornament in black and red; but the illustrations proper, while imaginative, are more grotesque than beautiful, and the Bunyan set is, consequently, more in the spirit of the author than the drawings in illustration of Tennyson. There are many fine proofs and rare states in the Whistler exhibition, which is the largest, I believe, that has been held in New York.

MR. KENNETH GRAHAME, author of "The Golden Age," has been appointed Secretary of the Bank of England. Nothing could be more unlike the writing of a financier than that of the author of this delightful book—unless perhaps it were his name. Kenneth Grahame has almost as romantic a sound as Aubrey de Vere. It seems as odd for him to be a man of finance as for Lewis Carroll to have been a professor of mathematics, or for the artist-author-lecturer, Mr. Hopkinson Smith, to be a lighthouse contractor.

MR. GEORGE W. CABLE has written about one-third of a new story, to be called "The Cavalier." It is a tale of the Civil War, and will relate some of the experiences that befell the author when he was a soldier in the Confederate army. I am glad that Mr. Cable is going back to his old field, as a writer, and that he will give us more about the Creoles of New Orleans.



BRUCE PRICE, ARCHITECT

THE HUNT MEMORIAL, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

D. C. PARSONS, SCULPTOR



DESIGNED BY CARL BITTER

NEW YORK

## THE HUNT MEDAL

THE LEADING ART ORGANIZATIONS of New York, headed by the Municipal Art Society, have turned over to the city the memorial erected to the memory of the late Richard M. Hunt. It was unveiled on the last day of October, that being Mr. Hunt's birthday. The memorial, of which a reproduction is here given, is the work of Mr. Daniel Chester French the sculptor and Mr. Bruce Price the architect. It consists of a granite and marble bench, semi-circular in form, recessed in the wall of Central Park, between 70th and 71st Streets, opposite the Lenox Library—one of Mr. Hunt's most distinguished works in this city. It is adorned with a bronze bust of Mr. Hunt by French, and will, when the remainder of the necessary funds is raised (which I hope will be soon) be completed by placing on pedestals provided for them in front, two bronze figures representing Architecture and the Allied Arts. The photograph reproduced above shows the monument as it will look then.

MARK TWAIN made a speech in English to a German-listening audience in Vienna a few nights ago, in which he sounded the tocsin for universal peace. He said that the Tsar had convinced him that it was possible to put a stop to war. The speech was not interpreted to the audience, because the government representative did not consider it safe in German. It was only safe in English, because no one understood what the gentleman from America was talking about. It is melancholy to think of all the good things that were wasted upon that unresponsive German audience.





NAPOLEON III., ABOUT 1813

*(From the painting by H. Viger)*

MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES'S "Life of Napoleon III" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), though a purely narrative and somewhat journalistic account of the career of the last Emperor of the French, is so far enlivened by the author's facility in taking sides with his hero as to be easy reading. If the Bonapartes are represented as fomenting anarchy in Italy in 1830, they are excused on the ground that the actual governments of the little states into which the Peninsula was then divided were little better than none. In London "this curiously belated quasi-Frenchman," "lived in an atmosphere of plot, intrigue and jealousy," but he had nevertheless "strong convictions in favor of freedom." Rossetti's intuitive belief, that the occasional visitor at his father's house was simply a selfish conspirator, was perhaps nearer the mark. At any rate it was more consistent. The *Coup d'État* is justified, in Mr. Forbes's sight, by the famous seven million suffrages, and the consideration that some one else might have done worse. The blame for the collapse of the army and administration in 1870 is laid mostly on the Empress. Yet with all this favor shown by the author to his hero the latter is charged, on the authority of the diary of Frederick II, with plotting basely against England, even after Sedan.



A VERY INTERESTING exhibition of portraits by Mr. W. M. Hollinger has been visible at the Camera Club in 29th Street, during the past month, and will be seen in Boston in November. Readers of *The Critic* who visited the show found the originals of many photographs of well-known men, taken for the pages of this journal—Secretary Hay, Mr. Bryce, ex-President Harrison, Bishop Potter, M. Carolus Duran, etc. Photographers of the old school are rapidly coming around to the methods whose adoption has made Mr. Hollinger a pioneer in photographic portraiture. A Rembrandt of the camera is the title *The Critic* bestowed upon him, some time since, and its aptness is obvious to all who see a group of his pictures displayed in a room so well suited to the purpose as that of the Camera Club.

MR. CHARLES DANA GIBSON, I understand, will hereafter draw for *Life* exclusively. I believe that he is to be paid a very large price for his services. Certainly it was a wise move on the part of Mr. Mitchell to secure him, for without Mr. Gibson's drawings *Life* would hardly be worth living. I know of two other instances where an artist has been paid for his exclusive services, and both by the same house. When Mr. Thomas Nast was cartoonist of *Harper's Weekly*, he was paid very handsomely to draw for that paper alone, and Messrs. Harper paid a large sum to Mr. Edwin A. Abbey also, for his exclusive black-and-white work.

THE ARCHITECT who wishes to build Mrs. Phoebe Hearst's \$25,000,000 California University has had to compete for the privilege. The competition was international, as was also the Committee of Award. Eleven plans were selected, and from these one will be chosen. Twenty thousand dollars is to be divided among the competing architects, to pay for their preliminary designs. Out of the eleven favorites five are New Yorkers, and among them the names of some of the best-known architects are conspicuous by their absence. Competition may be the life of trade, but it is not necessarily the life of art.

MRS. ANNIE NATHAN MEYER has written a little volume, soon to be published, which she calls "My Park Book." Mrs. Meyer lives near Central Park, and she has spent much time in its leafy shades. The idea of her book, as I gather from the prospectus, is to tell us the story of the Park, season by season, and to touch upon the history of some of the well-known buildings in its vicinity.

SPEAKING of Mrs. Meyer reminds me of Barnard College. What an exciting chase that institution had for \$100,000 a few weeks ago! When I saw the announcement in the papers that that sum had been given to Barnard with the proviso that a similar sum should be raised within a few days, I thought that the gift would never be given. This shows how little I know of the friends of Barnard. Before the time expired, they had the money; and they are very proud of their deserved success.



PUBLISHER AND AUTHOR

THE ACCOMPANYING picture would seem to represent Sir Walter Besant's idea of the relations between authors and publishers before the Authors' Society was incorporated, or the literary agent invented. Ever since I have known Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.—some five and twenty years—there has hung in one of their offices—it was in Mr. Bunce's office when I first saw it—the colored drawing of which this is a reproduction. Of no house in America could such a caricature be less typical than that of Messrs. Appleton, whose liberality with authors is proverbial; but they cherish the drawing as the apple of their eye.

MUCH INDIGNATION is expressed in England over an alleged interview with Mr. George Meredith in the *Journal des Débats*. In the first place it is said that Mr. Meredith had no idea that he was being interviewed, and, in the second, it is denied that he said what is attributed to him. The offending paragraph states that, apropos of his compatriots' want of interest in their own writers, he said: "The proof of this is that they have made Austin Poet Laureate of England, or Poet Laureate of the House of Hanover rather, and that Bulwer Lytton is buried in Westminster." The writer adds that this was said "jokingly," but now it looks as though it had not been said at all. I imagine that the next journalist carrying letters of introduction to Box Hill will not be so cordially received as was M. Legras.

IT IS POSITIVELY denied by those who speak with authority that M. Rostand made the very unpleasant remark about us that has been widely quoted as coming from him:—"My play can be stolen by Yankees in spite of my moral ownership. They will steal it, because they are a nation of thieves." M. Rostand never made any such charge, but that will not prevent a great many people from believing that he did, and reviling him accordingly. The obnoxious words were attributed to him by a sensational newspaper, for the very object that has been attained—notoriety. Because he believed us to be thieves is not the reason that he neglected to copyright "Cyrano de Bergerac" in this country. On the contrary, it was because he believed us to be honest that he failed to protect himself. He had written books before that were not copyrighted, and they were not stolen, so he had no fear for "Cyrano."

MR. QUILLER COUCH is very amusing, in a recent number of *The Speaker*, on the subject of the length of novels. He says that upon returning from a holiday "chiefly spent in novel-writing," he opened *The Morning Post* to assure himself that "nothing desperate had befallen the social fabric of England" during his absence, and the first words to catch his eye were these, in large capitals: "Is the Novel Extinct?" Naturally this gave him a severe shock: for he had believed no possibility more remote. "Indeed," he says, "when I left London the newspapers were asking: 'Is the Novel Destined to Devour all Other Forms of Literature?'" and the custodians of Free Libraries were joining in a tearful affirmative.

"What," I asked, "can have happened in the meanwhile? Mr. Hall Caine has not published anything this summer. Messrs. Harmsworth, indeed, have issued a threepenny magazine at threepence-halfpenny, with an intimation that they do not believe in writers of established repute, and Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, by way of giving practical expression to that belief, was a contributor to the first number. But surely this has not extinguished the novel. It has not even extinguished Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, over whose prostrate bodies the novel could alone be reached."

AFTER READING the article he felt better, for he found that it merely had to do with the length of novels. The writer of the article seemed to be in a hungry mood, for he said, "I want a meal, not a morsel, of a book," adding that the novelists of the day "provide only morsels—snacks—good, agreeable snacks, but still only snacks, when I should like to sit down to a square meal." I should like to throw to this hungry reader "Robert Elsmere," "The Christian," "The Heavenly Twins" and a few others by the same authors. He could hardly call these "snacks." If he did, perhaps he could get a "square meal" from "Quo Vadis" or "With Fire and Sword." The meals are served if only he will go to the literary restaurants instead of trying to satisfy his appetite at the lunch-counters.



THIS MAY BE Mr. Max Beerbohm's idea of Mr. Hall Caine, but it is not mine. Mr. Caine's long hair and intense eyes lend themselves readily to the caricaturist, but then so do all picturesque personalities. I understand that Mr. Caine has been called in to doctor M. Lavedan's "Catherine." If this is not "the sarcasm of destiny," I should like to know what is. An inexperienced English playwright engaged to edit a play by one of the most experienced and clever dramatic authors of modern France! Perhaps there is no truth in the rumor; or it may be that M. Lavedan has been asked to make a French version of "The Christian." That would seem nearer the truth. Mr. Caine, by the way, is announced to tell an unpublished story of his, in public, several times this month, under the management of Major Pond.

THE LONDON *Academy* has certainly "hit it off" this time. With its issue of Oct. 8 it appears in a new dress, with attractive cover and interesting illustrations. I find the latter particularly interesting, as a number of them have already appeared in *The Critic*. Our London contemporary can do no better than to follow the lead of this magazine, which it does in many ways, notably beginning with paragraphs in the manner of *The Lounger*, and in being readable from cover to cover. If in its new form *The Academy* does not become an instant success, it must be because the British public does not know a good thing when it sees one.

A NEW DEPARTMENT in *The Academy* is "The Academy Bureau," which will read manuscripts, give expert criticism, and help authors to dispose of their wares to a "first-class house" with which the editors have already "made arrangements." I wish *The Academy* joy in its self-imposed task, and I shall be interested to know the outcome of the experiment.

AN EPIDEMIC of musketeers has broken out in England. Two dramatizations of Dumas's famous novel have been made, one for Mr. Tree, the other for Mr. Lewis Waller. D'Artagnan, like Cyrano de Bergerac, was a Gascon, though fortunately for his love affairs there was nothing grotesque about his nose. As there is no copyright on the novel, other actors may be tempted to try the romantic rôle if these two dramatizations prove successful.

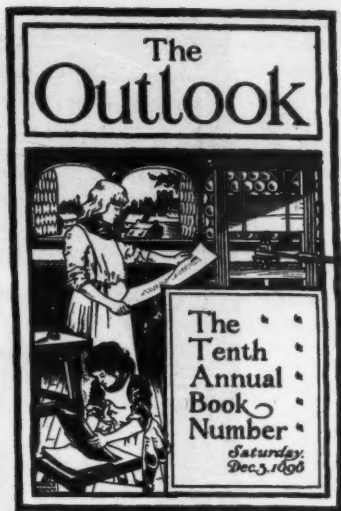
*The Outlook* has not only published Mr. George Kennan's story of the war, serially, but it announces that Col. Theodore Roosevelt, "the most picturesque figure of the war," will write for its columns an account of the service rendered by his friend and fellow-officer, Gen. Leonard Wood. *The Outlook* has been fortunate in securing another Colonel to write for it—Thomas Wentworth Higginson. He, however, will not write of war, but of his literary neighbors. Dr. Hamilton W. Mabie, associate editor of *The Outlook*, will contribute to that periodical a series of illustrated articles on Scotch and English poets, which, I gather from the announcement, will be somewhat unique.

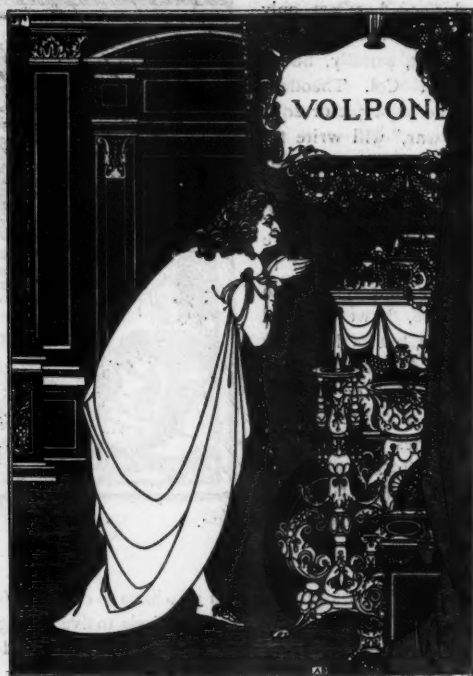


I HAVE OFTEN WONDERED how men who have to come to New York to their business every day can make up their minds to live at long distances from the city. The time spent on the train has always seemed to me like wasted time, if it is any longer than is required to glance over the morning or evening paper. I heard the other day of a man who, after having crossed the ferry, spends forty minutes on the train each way. That is an hour and twenty minutes a day. He has been doing this for twenty years, and in that time he has mastered four languages which otherwise he might never have known. The minute he seats himself in a train, he takes a foreign grammar out of his pocket and studies. By utilizing what would otherwise be wasted time, he has added to his accomplishments and broadened his mind. I know of another man who does all of his writing on the train, and while going over the same road as the linguist. He carries a pad in his pocket, and when the train starts transfers it to his knee and writes till he arrives at his destination. How much better it is to study languages and write articles on the train, than to spend one's time in the baggage-car playing poker!



SEVERAL YEARS AGO Mr. S. S. McClure walked into my office and told me to remember the name of Rudyard Kipling. I had then never heard it before. "You will hear from that young man," said he; "look out for him." So when Mr. McClure said to me the other day: "Remember the name of Alfred Ollivant; he will be *the* writer of 1900," I listened with respect. Mr. Ollivant's first book is "Bob, Son of Battle," and the Doubleday & McClure Co. are its publishers. I haven't had time to give it a careful reading yet, but in dipping into it I have found some very vivid descriptions, in terse, graphic English.





MR. BEARDSLEY'S COVER DESIGN FOR "VOLPONE"

MR. JOHN LANE will publish immediately an edition of Ben Jonson's "Volpone" with an introduction by the late Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, and a cover design, frontispiece and initial letters from the same pen. I am permitted by Mr. Lane to reproduce the cover design of the book. Mr. Beardsley could hardly have found a subject more to his taste than Volpone with his seventeenth-century Italian picturesque excesses. "The whole of Juvenal's Satires," he says in his introduction, "are not more full of scorn and indignation than this one play"; nor, he adds, are the portraits which the Latin poet has given us "drawn with a more passionate virulence than the English dramatist has displayed in the portrayal of the Venetian magnifico, his creatures and his gulls." This edition of "Volpone" is limited to a thousand copies for England and America.

IN AN INTERESTING ARTICLE on Daudet in the November *Pall Mall Magazine*, M. J. F. Raffaelli, the novelist's lifelong friend, descants upon the "childlike nature of Daudet's character." He says that Daudet was a child, "a marvelous child, exceptionally gifted, and possessing all the beautiful and adorable qualities of childhood: confidence, generosity, feverish imagination, and a passionate desire to live, to act, to enjoy, without intermission or cessation."



IN 1860 DR. RICHARD GARNETT discovered a lost volume of poems written by Shelley and his sister Elizabeth. The little book was called "Original Poetry, by Victor and Cazire," and was written when Shelley was eighteen years of age. The interest in the verses lies in the fact that they throw some light on his relations with Harriet Grove; otherwise, Dr. Garnett thinks, they have "no importance." Students of Shelley have been looking for this collection for years, and it was not until half a century after it was published that Dr. Garnett found it, and then by the merest accident. It will be republished by Mr. John Lane.

THOSE OF US WHO really love Shelley cannot but lament Dr. Garnett's discovery. It fills me with regret and astonishment that the poet at any age could have written such stuff as this:—

"And ah! poor — has felt all this horror,  
Full long the fallen victim contended with fate;  
Till, a destitute outcast abandoned to sorrow,  
She sought her babe's food at her ruiner's gate—  
Another had charmed the remorseless betrayer,  
He turned laughing aside from her moans and her prayer,  
She said nothing, but wringing the wet from her hair,  
Crossed the dark mountain side, tho' the hour it was late."

"All was now silent—and over the tomb,  
Thicker, deeper, was swiftly extended a gloom,  
Adolphus in horror sank down on the stone,  
And his fleeting soul fled with a harrowing groan."

THE "SWEET SINGER of Michigan" at the age of six could not have done much worse than that. The following is better; but it is bad enough, and gives no promise whatever. The waste-basket of a country newspaper is filled with better verse:—

"The stars may dissolve, and the fountain of light  
May sink into ne'er-ending chaos and night,  
Our mansion must fall, and earth vanish away,  
But thy courage, O Erin! may never decay."

Ah! dead is the harp which was wont to give pleasure,  
Ah! sunk is our sweet country's rapturous measure;  
But the war-note is waked, and the clangor of spears,  
The dread yell of Sloghan yet sounds in our ears."

MR. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON's novel, "Aylwin," is published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. The book was announced as ready for publication fourteen years ago, and was then called "Aylwin: An Open-air Romance for Poets, Painters, and Gypsies." It was dedicated in a sonnet "To the beloved memory of George Borrow, the Great High Priest of the Ungenteel." Both sub-title and sonnet are omitted from the volume as published. There is a good deal about gypsies in it, and much about D. G. Rossetti, who figures in its pages as D'Arcy, an artist.





COURTESY NEW YORK TIMES

M. MARCEL'S STATUE OF MILLET AT GRÉVILLE

GRÉVILLE, a little village near Cherbourg, France, has just erected a statue to Jean-François Millet. It is not the birthplace of the great painter, but is the nearest town of any size to the village of Gruchy where he was born in 1814. The statue was designed by Marcel. It is unpretentious, characteristic, and I think very much the sort of statue the painter would have selected for himself could he have had any choice in the matter.



A COMPLETE EDITION of the works of Paul Verlaine, in five volumes, is in preparation in Paris. The prose writings are to be included, together with some hitherto unpublished poetry.



MR. G. W. STEEVENS

MR. DAVIS is, I understand, making a dramatization of "The King's Jackal." He began it before the story was published. Then the war caused him to lay aside the work, and now he has taken it up again, and is working on it at Marion, Mass., where he has been ever since a truce was declared. The book suggests a play, and I have the opinion of a well-known actress, who claims never to have made a false prediction of the sort, that there is a very strong one in it.

THE MOST BRILLIANT of the American war-correspondents, I think it will generally be admitted, is Mr. Richard Harding Davis, and the most brilliant among the English, Mr. G. W. Stevens. The latter is just out with a volume called "With Kitchener at Khartum," which is the book of the hour in London. Mr. Stevens is not only brilliant, but those who are better informed on the subject than I am say that he is also accurate. Here then is a great and a rare combination. I quote from his description of Kitchener:—

"You cannot imagine the Sirdar otherwise than as seeing the right thing to do and doing it. His precision is so inhumanly unerring, he is more like a machine than a man. You feel that he ought to be patented and shown with pride at the Paris International Exhibition. British Empire; Exhibit No. 1, *hors concours*, the Soudan Machine."

Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. are the fortunate publishers of Mr. Stevens's books—"The Land of the Dollar," "The Conquering Turk," "Egypt in 1898" and "With Kitchener at Khartum."

FROM THE *London Daily Chronicle* I learn that Sir Edward Hamilton, probably the best known of Gladstone's many private secretaries, has written a monograph on his old chief—very largely a volume of reminiscences—the man as Sir Edward knew him. Sir Edward writes of Gladstone's characteristics, his methods of work, &c. Naturally, this includes many new incidents and anecdotes of a personal character. I also learn from the same source that Mr. Murray announces the completion of Sir Robert Peel's life, in two volumes, coming to his death in 1850. The correspondence includes letters to and from the Queen, the Duke of Wellington, Disraeli, and all the leading persons of the day.

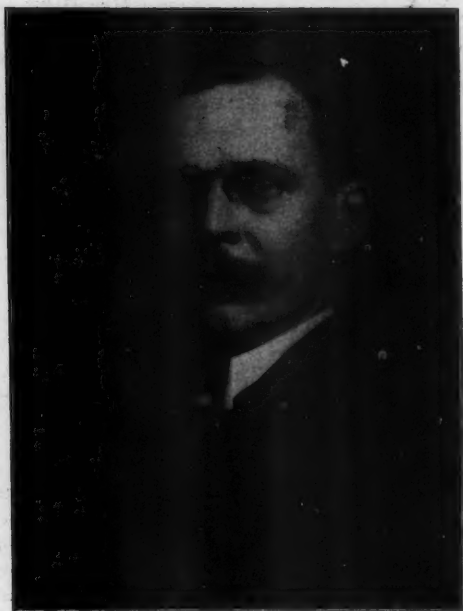


PHOTO. FOR THE CRITIC

HOLLINGER &amp; Co.

MR. WILLIAM W. ELLSWORTH

MR. W. W. ELLSWORTH, who lectured so successfully in various parts of the country, last year, on the progress of the Revolutionary War, finding his audiences largely amongst the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution, has prepared a new lecture for the present season, taking as his theme the episode of Arnold and André. This is unquestionably the most picturesque and dramatic episode of the period in question, and is, therefore, susceptible of the most interesting treatment. Mr. Ellsworth has prepared a series of lantern-slides for his lecture, reproducing a large number of the most interesting portraits and views, manuscripts and other relics of Benedict Arnold, Major André, and their associates, and has adapted his narrative to them with a skill which leaves one uncertain, at the end of the evening, as to whether the eye or the ear has been the more diverted. His first appearance in New York this season was made last month in the Astor gallery, at the Waldorf-Astoria, under the auspices of the Sons of the American Revolution.

MR. GUY WETMORE CARRYL, who has been connected for over a year with Messrs. Harper & Bros. in this city, will in December leave New York for Paris, to act there as the representative of that firm. For a man of Mr. Carryl's youth and tastes, I should think this would be a most attractive appointment. Although the volume of verses from his pen just published by Messrs. Harper is humorous, Mr. Carryl is a contributor of much serious and dainty verse to the leading magazines.



"GOLD CANNOT BUY ME"  
(MR. KIPLING'S SKETCH FOR THE *CANTAB*)

THE IDEA OF some people that Mr. Rudyard Kipling is ungracious is a false one. It seems to me that he is the soul of graciousness. Seldom does an amateur journalist write to him for "copy" that it is refused. The latest of these fortunate ones is the *Cantab*, published by the undergraduates of Cambridge University. In reply to a request for a contribution, Mr. Kipling wrote:—

THE ELMS, ROTTINGDEAN, NEAR BRIGHTON, }  
Sept. 17, 1898. }

To the Editor of the *Cantab* :

There once was a writer who wrote :

" Dear Sir : In reply to your note  
Of yesterday's date,  
I am sorry to state  
It's no good at the prices you quote."

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Not to be discouraged, the editor wrote again, asking for Mr. Kipling's rock-bottom rates ; and again came a reply :—

" DEAR SIR :—Heaven forbid that the staff of the *Cantab* should go about pawning their raiment in a public-spirited attempt to secure a contribution from my pen ! The fact is that I can't do things to order with any satisfaction to myself or the buyer. Otherwise I would have sent you something. Sincerely,

" RUDYARD KIPLING."

NOT BEING ABLE to draw a contribution from the distinguished author, the editor wrote for a photograph, and thus Mr. Kipling replied:—

"As to photos of myself, I have not one by me at present, but when I find one I will send it, but *not* for publication, because my beauty is such that it fades like a flower if you expose it. Very sincerely,

"RUDYARD KIPLING."

The value of these letters was increased by a pen-and-ink sketch of himself by Mr. Kipling, so that the pertinacious editor got even more than he asked for. If the foregoing does not prove Mr. Kipling's amiability nothing will.

DR. ROBERTSON NICOLL has some interesting remarks in *The British Weekly* on the subject of the price paid Mr. Rudyard Kipling for his work.

"He has," says Dr. Nicoll, "contracted to write eight stories for one of the magazines next year, for each of which he will receive about £240. This is simply for the English serial rights of the stories. In addition, Mr. Kipling receives payment from America, India, and the Colonies. This will probably bring up the price of the stories to about £500 each, making £4,000. In addition to this, Mr. Kipling receives the royalties for book publication in England and America. This will not amount to less than about £4,000, so that for each story the author ultimately receives not less than £1,000."

Dr. Nicoll doubts that these prices will be kept up. He thinks that the cheap magazines will put an end to high prices for authors. "I remember, some years ago," he says, "Mr. Kipling contributed one of his best pieces of work, better work by a good deal than he has done lately, to a monthly review. The editor informed me that not one extra copy of the periodical was sold." This statement, it seems to me, reflects upon the periodical rather than upon Mr. Kipling. Its reputation for dullness was apparently so great that not even Mr. Kipling's brilliant work could induce people to buy it.

MR. KIPLING is evidently a man of moods. The vaingloriousness of the Queen's Jubilee celebration impelled him, in a moment of reaction, to pen that noble poem, "Recessional." In like manner, the welcome the Tsar's peace proposal has had in England, has prompted him to come out with a powerful protest against any "Truce of the Bear." An Indian beggar wearing under a bandage the place where his face ought to be, tells how he went out, fifty years ago, to kill a marauding bear, but lowered his gun when the beast walked toward him on its hind legs, with its forepaws upraised pleadingly. The result of his overconfidence was a downward stroke of the two paws that left him minus a face. And the moral is, of course, that if John Bull has any use for his eyes and nose and mouth he had better give the Tsar the widest possible berth.

"When he shows as seeking quarter, with paws like hands in prayer,  
That is the time of peril—the time of the Truce of the Bear!"

This is an odd production for the author of that great hymn of peace, "Recessional," but it is a mighty fine ballad, all the same; and if it had appeared three months ago would have been welcomed as a remarkable bit of verse-making. It is as timely as was its famous predecessor; and its timeliness is the only objection to it.



A BLACK AND WHITE reproduction does not do justice to *The Century's* November cover. It is in delicate colors, designed by Grasset and printed in Paris. It aims to symbolize Alexander the Great on his horse Bucephalus, and is apropos of the opening chapters of Prof. Wheeler's serial "Life of Alexander," which will be a feature of the magazine during the coming year.

IT IS THE BEST SORT of news that Mr. John Morley has reconsidered his refusal to write the biography of Gladstone, thereby yielding to the earnest solicitations of the dead statesman's family. It will take all of his time for two

years, possibly longer; which means that he will have to turn his back upon active politics for that length of time at least. While politics will lose much, the gain to literature will be great. In some quarters, stress is laid upon the apparent anomaly that the authorized life of an ardent churchman should be written by an agnostic.

A BOOK WHICH lends itself readily to quotation is the *Memoirs of Henry Reeve*, just published by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. It is in two large volumes, and is as full of good things as a nut is of meat. Although comparatively unknown to the majority of Englishmen and entirely unknown in this country, Reeve was nevertheless for a long while a great power in England. He was the leading editorial writer of *The Times* for fifteen years, and he was the editor of *The Edinburgh Review*. He seems to have known every well-known man and woman of his time, from Thackeray to Gladstone. He began knowing people who were worth knowing when he was twenty-two years of age. Though poor and unknown himself at that time, he was sought after by the most distinguished men and women of the day, in France as well as in England. I have only glanced through the book, but I don't know when I have been more entertained. Mr. Reeve, by the way, was the translator of the standard English translation of Tocqueville's "Democracy in America," a revised version of which has just appeared in this country with an introduction by President Gilman of Johns Hopkins.

PROF. E. RAY LANKESTER has been called from an Oxford professorship to become director of the Natural History collection at South Kensington. It is said that this position has been the goal of his ambition.





MISS MAUDE ADAMS IN THE LITTLE MINISTER

MR. R. H. RUSSELL knows where to find a large audience. He has just published a souvenir of Miss Maude Adams in "The Little Minister," and everyone who has seen that play will want it. That the illustrations, by Mr. C. Allan Gilbert, are excellent, the accompanying portrait, one of many of Miss Adams, will prove. I wish that our theatres would give us such souvenirs as this instead of presenting us with pinchbeck jewelry on anniversaries. Mr. Russell has also the good fortune to be the publisher of Mr. Anthony Hope's "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," which, by the way, was produced in New York before it was shown to a London audience.

MRS. SARAH COWELL LE MOYNE has scored another success—this time in Henri Lavedan's "Catherine" at the Garrick Theatre. It seems to be generally admitted that she has made the hit of the piece, though hers is by no means the "star" part. It will be remembered that last season, after an absence from the stage of fifteen or twenty years, she re-appeared, playing the part of the much-divorced Mrs. Lorimer in "The Moth and the Flame," and making of it the most important one in the play. In that piece she played a light comedy part with a laugh in every line, so that when her continuance on the stage was discussed, it was believed that she would succeed only in similar parts. Such has not proved to be the case. She plays a serious part in "Catherine," and has made a profound impression in it, and every one is regretting the years she spent on the platform and in giving drawing-room recitations. When I say every one, I mean all except the favored few who have listened to her readings from Browning and Matthew Arnold. They will regret that she has deserted the reading-lamp for the footlights.

MISS LILIAN WHITING of Boston is writing a life of Miss Kate Field. She was an intimate friend of Miss Field's, and has all her letters and papers.





SKETCH BY J. McN. WHISTLER

M. STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ

THE SKETCH OF the late Stéphane Mallarmé here given is to be found in the poet's "Vers et Prose," a volume from which the reader unacquainted with his work will get the best impression of its quality. The photograph on the opposite page was sent me by a friend in Paris, to whom I am indebted for many a choice portrait. How different are the two pictures,—and yet how characteristic each appears to be!

THE LOVE-LETTERS of Robert and Elizabeth Browning are to be published to the world, and their son not only permits it, but contributes a "prefatory note." "This remarkable collection" is announced by Messrs. Harper & Bros., who add that "it comprises every letter that passed between the two poets from their first acquaintance until their marriage, with the exception of one which was destroyed by common consent." Why, alas! did they not destroy them all? No doubt they would have done so had they not felt that they would be safe in their son's hands. But who is safe in any one's hands, after he is dead?

THE FIRST FRUITS OF Mr. Kipling's adventures as a guest of the Channel Squadron, says the London *Daily Chronicle*, will be a set of verses on "The Cruisers," begun on board the *Pelorus*, and now nearly finished. Its destination will probably be *The Windsor Magazine*, where his companion verses on "The Destroyers" have already appeared.

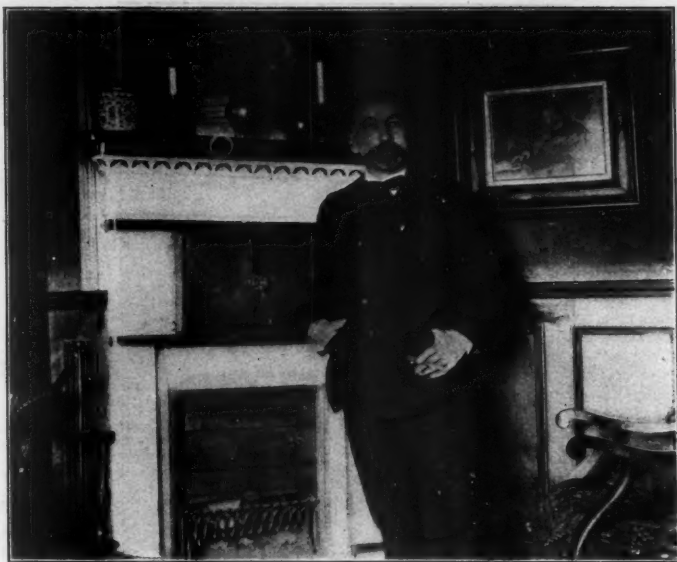


PHOTO. BY DORRAC

PARIS

## M. STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ AT HOME

ONE WHO ATTENDED the sale of M. Zola's effects—or the attempted sale thereof—writes to me from Paris :—" It was most amusing. Octave Mirbeau offered to pay the 30,000 francs owing to the three experts in handwriting ; but the sale was insisted upon. The appraisers valued one of Zola's pictures—a masterpiece—at thirty francs. On the day of the sale (Oct. 11) an enormous crowd gathered in the Rue de Bruxelles ; two Englishwomen being in front pressed up against the porte-cochère. After a great deal of argument between Zola's representatives and those of Couard, Belhomme and Varinard, the experts, the auction began. The first object offered was a Louis XIII table. It was valued at 120 francs. ' Will any one give one hundred and twenty francs ? ' ' Thirty-two thousand francs,' said M. Pasquelle. ' Will no one give more than thirty-two thousand francs ? ' said the auctioneer. ' Show the table,' cried some one. The table was then raised in the air by two men ; it was a walnut table, perfectly plain. ' Gone to M. Fasquelle for thirty-two thousand francs,' said the auctioneer. ' The sale is over.' And then the disappointed crowd retired, while the police arrested an enthusiast who cried ' Vive Zola ! ' Of course Zola's friends had arranged the business. He would have paid the money on his return, but the experts would not wait, and lots of people were really in hopes of picking up Zola souvenirs, and antique shop-keepers of getting curiosities. They had more curiosity than they got ! "



### Silence and the Night

DEEP is the awe of silence and the night ;  
 Older than gladsome day and happy sound,  
 Old ere these were, solemnity profound  
 Weighs on them, bowed in majesty and might.  
 To their high care the spirits trust their flight,  
 And bless once more the empty, grieving ground ;  
 Hither they come, and make the slow, mute round,  
 Their shadow burning with supernal light.  
 The shining souls from homes beyond the day,  
 May make no faintest answer to our cries ;  
 They stand, as darkness and the silence, still.  
 Fondly they look, and flaming, float away ;  
 When love, her watch outworn, strains her dim eyes  
 To see strong morn walking along the hill.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

### Paul Leicester Ford at Home The Man of Affairs and the Man of Letters\*

LONG-SUFFERING prominence, among its numerous woes, has at times to subject itself to snap-shot portraiture ; but occasionally a friendly and amateurish zeal, seeking honest results, brings the person of note to the advantage of a long exposure, and then perchance educes finenesses and personalities neglected by the swifter method. I should like, if I may, to use the slower and truer means in a sketch of Mr. Paul Leicester Ford, who has of late, by reason of an unquestioned reputation, been compelled to stand from behind the vanguard of his books and show himself as a notability. In contrast therefore to various pen views which have presented Mr. Ford as all sorts and conditions of a man, it ought to be possible for a friendly candor to delineate his life and purposes without passing just limitations. Paraphrasing his own playfully bold title, I seek to portray "The True Mr. Ford," entertaining the while that proportionate sense of demerit which I am sure restrained him as he limned the outlines of Washington.

The accrediting of unusual ability to heredity and environment alone fails to satisfy ; for what we most wish to understand is the actual and not the probable resultant. Nevertheless it will never do to omit from the reckoning Mr. Ford's innate tendencies and the slowly formed impulses made upon him and upon his equally remarkable brother, Worthington Chauncey Ford, by their father's superb library, of which in a manner, but in a different degree, each is the incarnation. Puritan stock, absolutely pure, except where there is a crossing of the Huguenot on the paternal side—there is no

\*AUTHORS AT HOME: NEW SERIES.—Dr. Charles Conrad Abbott, 18 Dec. 1897. Mr. F. Marion Crawford, 15 Jan. 1898. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Feb. 19. Miss Mary E. Wilkins, March 5. Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, April 2. Mr. Frank R. Stockton, April 16. Mr. E. L. Godkin, April 30. Capt. A. T. Mahan, May 28. Mrs. James T. Fields, June 4. Miss Edith M. Thomas, June 18. Mrs. Deland, July-Aug. Dr. Carl Ebers, Sept. Carl Schurz, Oct.

choicer graft than that,—a temperament stimulated by the nervous excitations of the cosmopolitan life of New York, and a scholarship sound yet unacademic and not held by the leash of college traditions—these, as I see them, are the factors, any of which taken from him would have made Mr. Ford quite other than he is. Yet the aggregate of such components most assuredly does not constitute his genius; for genius as distinguished from marked ability he undoubtedly possesses. It has before now been told that on his mother's side he is the grandson of Prof. Fowler of Amherst, the great-grandson of Noah Webster, and the grandson four times removed of President Charles Chauncey of Harvard College, and of Governor Bradford; and from this last worthy ancestor he comes honestly by his fondness for a manuscript. This is good blood to run through one's veins, even in a remote generation. There is an added vigor from his mother, who, early expanded under favoring influences, had the native mental strength and moral sureness of a cultivated New England woman. His father, the late Gordon L. Ford, though known and honored as a successful lawyer and man of affairs, was, to those who had the closer knowledge of him, an idealist of the type which does not readily pursue other than the highest ends, and which cannot throw open the reserves of its nature.

There is then in his make-up a curious balance of conservative tendencies and a due share of remonstrance and even of headlong radicalism. To a superb mental equipment is to be added a physical constitution strong enough to have pulled him through an infancy and childhood full of peril and no doubt of suffering, and to have landed him in manhood's estate with a vivacious and courageous disposition; a master of his fate. He is also endowed with an almost superhuman capacity for work. It may be that, conscious of hidden frailties of tenure, the impulse is within him to burn his candle of life fiercely; but I am disposed the rather to think that in his case this use of energy is mainly a question of superior "horse power"—he is able to work more than most of us, and therefore he does. But great capacity does not always so express itself; and it would be unjust, unless one chose to regard Mr. Ford as precocious in youth and phenomenal at all times, not to recognize that the fate which distributes gifts to mortals gave him Opportunity. Free, if he so wished, to follow his own devices and to take the joys of life without undue exertion, he was wise enough, at an age when most youth sows an unprofitable crop on stony ground, to plant in the fertile furrows which a farseeing father had sedulously made ready for him. As for education and the discipline of school life, so wholesome for the most of us, there was for him literally none of it. His nursery, his primary school, and his college all may be found within the four walls of his father's library. The books held within the quiet residence in Clark Street, Brooklyn, must now be nearer 100,000 than 50,000 in number. They fill all parts of the large house fashioned

in the manner of fifty years ago, but their headquarters are in the library proper, a room at the rear, over fifty feet square, and reached from the main floor by a short flight of steps.

This room is well but not glaringly lighted by a lantern at the top, while the sides, with the exception of a few small windows of no great utility owing to the tallness of surrounding buildings, are fully taken up with books to the height of eight feet. The floor is covered in part by largerugs; the walls and ceilings are of serious tint; a fireplace is opposite the entrance; while sofas of most dissimilar pattern and meant seemingly to hold any burden but a human one; are placed "disposedly" about;

chairs, easy but not seductive, are in plenty,

but like the sofas give notice that here is a government not of men but of books—here there is no library built for the lust of the flesh and pride of the eye, but for books and for those who use them. I cannot suppose that those smitten of bibliophily would thrill over the Ford Library, since it exists for the practical and virile, although it is, in parts, exceedingly choice. Roughly classified to suit the easy memories of the owners, it presents an appearance urbane and unprecise rather than military and commanding. At irregular intervals loom huge masses of books, pamphlets, papers, proof-sheets and engravings in cataclysmic disorder and apparently suspended in mid air like the coffin of the False Prophet, but in fact resting on tables well hidden by the superincumbent piles. In this room the father slowly accumulated this priceless treasure mostly illustrative of American history and its adjuncts, thereby gratifying his own accu-



PHOTO. FOR THE CRITIC

HOLLINGER & Co.

MR. PAUL L. FORD



rate tastes and hoping, as we may suppose, that his children would ultimately profit by his foresight. Nor was he disappointed; for the two brothers, Paul and Worthington, drew their milk, historically speaking, from this exhaustless fount, and it is thus impossible to disconnect the labors and successes of these two unusual men from their association with this library. Not in books alone, but in many choice autograph letters, rare portraits and plates, and much unpublished material consists the value of the collection.

One who did not know Mr. Ford, on entering the room and beholding for the first time the Sierras of books, fronted by foot-hills and drumlins of unfinished work, sale catalogues, letters and other detritus, might well suppose him to be the most careless of mortals. This would be to misjudge; for though no one else could fathom his methods, Mr. Ford turns readily to what he wants, and given the right haystack finds his needle with astonishing ease. Like many another man of ability, he does not enslave himself to organization, but uses method only in proportion to direct needs.

The secret of his astonishing capacity for work and production is not far to seek. He is by nature and by predilection a man of affairs and of business. The accident of life has directed his energies toward books and letters. But he is not a literary man in the sense that he is to be identified with a class, for in the best sense he is *déclassé*. So far as there may be genius burning within him, it must express itself during moments of inspiration; but the between-times are not spent in dreams or vain imaginings, but in an almost relentless absorption in some historical or editorial task, requiring fidelity and energy rather than fitful moods.

I do not now discern what at one time I feared that I might—carelessness, or an effect of haste, in the large mass of results to which this author has already put his name. On the contrary it seems to me that more and more he tends toward painstaking care, and there is good reason to predict that his best and possibly most brilliant work is yet to come. Regarding one work, since published, he has told me that, having already pushed a long way toward the end and finding that the affair went slowly, of a sudden it was borne in upon him that he was on the wrong track. In a moment he swept 30,000 words of manuscript into his basket and started anew and with a good heart. A great organizing capacity, a power of maintained effort, and a willingness to take unstinted trouble, render the large volume of his achievements as acceptable as the small bulk of another's work. Faults I think Mr. Ford has had, and still has, but it would be proper even for the nicest criticism to discover a sure advance in the quality of his style. Personally I have never been able to explain satisfactorily the success of his most popular book, "The Honorable Peter Stirling." It is almost without a "literary" quip or term or phrase; the politics present a stiff dose to novel readers, a class too satiated with an unvarying diet not to crave





PHOTO. BY BULLAS

MR. FORD'S LIBRARY

BROOKLYN

spicier viands than those served to them by the love motive of Mr. Ford's story. Why then has this proved to be one of the three stories of the past two years and more? I do not know, unless it be that Mr. Ford, who is no egotist and not exclusive in his sympathies, reflects in this book a genuine if unsentimental faith in human nature of every degree. To such a faith humanity is always responsive. He did not come crying in the wilderness with acrimony and fanaticism, but gave the prototype of a gentleman of the heart and not of long ancestry—a pure man in all things, even in metropolitan politics, who stamped on evil, not shrank from it. There was a cry for a politician who could be something to the “boys” besides a prig, and Mr. Ford, *haud inexpertus*, produced him. It was bread and not a stone, and the democracy, rampant yet not unclean, heard him gladly.

I have no purpose here to rehearse the merits of Mr. Ford's various writings. Current criticism certainly has him in its eye as a conspicuous figure, and if he meets opposition he is not likely to suffer neglect. Meanwhile another source of his success and of his popularity seems to me to lie in his perfect intellectual and moral normality. Great as is the volume of his work, it is sound throughout. He strikes no shrill or wayward note; the social order is always considered. He deals with the sound fruit of human life, and assumes that good nature, honest love, money-making, clean and enjoyable existence are not only possibilities but everyday realities. The success of “The Story of an Untold Love” shows how ready people are for an observance of all the commandments rather than for a breach of one. It is with novels as with plays—cleanliness “goes.”

Mr. Ford's large abilities, aided by fortunate inheritance, have been used not for the ends of mere scholarship and to humor preciosity and a love of what is fantastic and occasional, but to recognize common wants and aspirations; yet at the same time he evinces an idealism tempered by no little terrestrial wisdom and experience. Imagination plays a larger part in his work—and I am here speaking of his creative work—than appears at first sight. In "Peter Stirling" he has managed to give to an immense metropolitan life an effect of homogeneity and interrelation. The large and evanescent effects of a great city are tempting themes, but those who try to catch and hold the impression for the uses of a novel seldom succeed in giving more than fine details. Our *genre* painters of fiction have been admirable in this matter: but to make one pattern of the huge confusion requires a knowledge vouchsafed only to him who has acquired by daily contact the largest and most vital experiences. The immensity of financial transactions, the intricate shrewdness of politicians, aside from their corruptions, the nice checks and balances of a higher social life must necessarily escape the eye of the literary artist mainly because they lie beyond his ken.

Cerebrally Mr. Ford is multiparous. He can be busy with a play, a story, a biography, and with editing some historical work during the same interval of time—the real marvel of it all being that, when these come to publication, the world, which is said to know clearly what it wants, accepts the results with apparent satisfaction. The power of driving a quadriga of new books around the popular arena amid no little applause, is due, as I think, to qualities not inherent in the literary mind as such, but implying a wider mental grasp.

A spirit of restlessness takes hold upon Mr. Ford when he is hardest at work, and he shifts at pleasure from one to another of his several desks or tables. I should imagine that the curiosity hunter of the future who might wish to possess the desk at which or the chair on which the author of "Peter Stirling" sat when he penned that book, might comfortably fill a storage-warehouse van with his newfound joys. Like most good fellows who write, Mr. Ford knows the value of the night and often works to best advantage when honest folk have been long abed. It is a pleasure to think of the occasionally fortunate person who writes when he wants to, not when he must, though I do not think it would be difficult for so conscientious a worker as Mr. Ford to get up friction at shortest notice and as occasion might require.

While it has been my purpose to refrain scrupulously from ministering to that curiosity which cares less for the essential qualities, and the intellectual methods of a character prominently before the world, than for intrusive detail concerning personal caprices of taste and modes of living, I shall not be content if I do not say that as a personality Mr. Ford is as extraordinary as in his achievement. He

is alive to every issue of the day and of the hour. He is brilliant at conversation, and perhaps even more brilliant at controversy, for I can imagine no opposing argument so bristling with facts as to prevent his making a cavalry charge on a whole table of unsympathetic hearers. Life is at its keenest pitch when one is privileged to hear his urgent voice, with no little command withal in its notes, and to see the invincible clearness and dominance in his black-brown eyes.

This spirit of fearlessness, chastened as it is by an attitude of real toleration and open-mindedness, colors Mr. Ford's personal sympathies. Believing as he does that every man must eventually work out his own salvation and that present well-being may justly be sacrificed to future growth, it would be impossible for him to choose any channel for the expression of his personal loyalty other than that which should strengthen and develop. It is no strange thing, then, that those who seek his aid and counsel find him most helpful through a power of stimulation which enhances instead of detracting from the sense of self-reliance.

LINDSAY SWIFT.

### Paris

THIS is Paris, *s'il vous plait*,—  
Careless, debonair, and gay,  
Love and laughter, song and shout,  
Women, wine, and merry bout.

This is Paris, *le voici*,—  
Music, mirth, and misery,  
Art divine, and sodden shame,  
Glory, poverty, and fame.

This is Paris, *écoutez*,—  
After night must come the day,  
Weak, inconstant, yea accurst,  
Folly's bubble soon will burst.

DALTON, GA.

ROBERT LOVEMAN.

### The Sons of Gascony

#### A Literary Invasion of the South of France

LAST JUNE the Cadets de Gascogne residing in Paris decided to form an organization whose aim should be to keep alive a love for the western Midi which has so long been overshadowed in prose, poetry and song by the eastern Midi or Provence. The recent fame of Cyrano did much perhaps to suggest the idea and the bustle of the *Félibres* and *Cigaliers* to cause its materialization. But the enthusiasm and tact of M. Georges Leygues were necessary to put soul into it.

M. Leygues was born a poet, and with the precocity of the *méri-dional* early began rhyming. Some of his poems were collected in a little volume, now very rare, which was published when he came up

to Paris as a young man in 1882. But the budding bard soon quitted letters for politics, entered the Chamber of Deputies, became Minister of Public Instruction, developed a gift for oratory, and is now one of the leaders of the Moderate Republican party.

It was decided to introduce the new club to the world's notice by a festive pilgrimage through Gascony and the adjoining regions. So two or three score poets, artists, actors and deputies, all born within view of the Pyrenees but acclimated to Paris, met one morning in August last at the Orleans station, and started on a journey southward, which proved to be a series of triumphs, and has ended by putting the valiant Sons of Gascony side by side on an equally high pedestal with the not less valiant Sons of Provence.

The flow of oratory and enthusiasm began at Agen, a flourishing and picturesque town situated on the Garonne about halfway between Toulouse and Bordeaux. Jasmin, "the last of the Troubadours," was very appropriately chosen as the first object of their veneration. At Agen "the barber-poet" was born; here may be still seen his shop, and here too stands a monument to his memory. About this monument the Sons of Gascony collected and listened to short speeches by Mounet-Sully, the actor; Gustave Larroumet, the Sorbonne professor, and Benjamin Constant, the artist. Apropos of this informal but impressive ceremony, M. Raoul-Aubry relates in the *Temps* that, after Jasmin's death, it was found he had given not less than thirty thousand "literary seances," as he called them, in all parts of Languedoc and Gascony. The number seems extraordinary, and even more extraordinary is the fact that this poor hairdresser, who was entirely dependent on his razor and scissors for daily bread, turned over all he earned from these readings, a million francs or more, to the poor. Jasmin, therefore, was not only a joyous rhymster but a generous philanthropist.

From Agen the Sons of Gascony moved on to the old capital of upper Quercy, Montauban, where they inaugurated a bust of Lefranc de Pompignan, the Montauban poet of the last century, more famous for his literary quarrel with Voltaire than for his verse. This bust was a gift to the city from the Cadets. The monuments of Ingres, the painter, and Léon Cladel, the novelist, both natives of Montauban, were piously visited and made the subject of speechifying, *copia verborum* being one of the prominent characteristics of the Cadets; and the series of ceremonies was brought to a close by placing a tablet on the house once inhabited by Michelet, though the historian was born in Paris. However, his second wife, the present Mme. Michelet, who has done so much for the posthumous fame of her husband, first saw the light at Montauban, so that this act in honor of Michelet was doubly appropriate.

On leaving Montauban the perspiring Sons—for August was the hottest month we have had here for many years—turned towards the objective point of their excursion, Toulouse, "the Capital" of

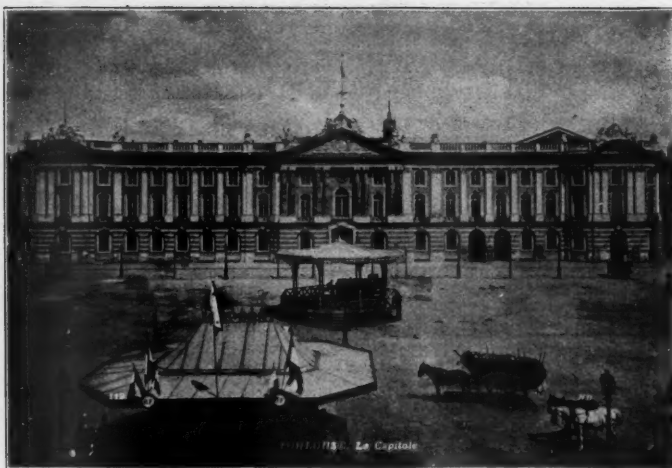


M. GEORGES LEYGUES

the Midi," where they were formally welcomed in the red room of the historic Capitol, or City Hall, by the Mayor, who entertained the band of distinguished travelers at dinner.

The Minister of Public Instruction, M. Léon Bourgeois, was the central figure of the second day's stay at Toulouse. Generally it is the members of the government who do "the decorating" on such occasions, dubbing a few personages Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. But this time, M. Leygues took the wind out of the ministerial sails; for, after prefacing his act with a few well-chosen words, the President advanced and fastened in M. Bourgeois's lapel buttonhole a silver cricket, the insignia of the Sons of Gascony. The Minister, as was Michelet, is also a native of Paris, but he got over the difficulty by hastening to explain that he had once been Prefect at Toulouse.

At Toulouse were still other statues waiting to be unveiled. M. Paul Mariéton, one of the prominent Félibre poets, officiated at the bust of the poet Pierre Goudouli, born in Toulouse in 1580, a briefless lawyer, much courted in the high life of the Languedoc of the seventeenth century for his elegantly turned compositions. He died poor but happy in the belief that all his poems would not be forgotten. But little did this "Homer of the Gascons," as he has been nicknamed, imagine that, three centuries later, he would be fêted in his native town by the wits of Paris!



CITY HALL, TOULOUSE

From the Goudouli bust the indefatigable cortège filed off to another square, where they inaugurated the statue of the cobbler-poet Vestrepain, according to M. Raoul-Aubry a *joyeux vivant*, whose verses are of so fugitive a description that it is this marble rather than they which will recall Vestrepain to future generations. It was peculiarly fitting that M. Gailhard, Director of the Paris Opera, should here act as spokesman for the Cadets, for he began life as apprentice to this scribbling cobbler. But the memory of this prosaic fact was not the only thing that gave peculiar interest to his remarks. His gliding off into *patois* and praising the master in the tongue which the latter did so much to form and enrich, caught the fancy of these whimsical Sons, even if their adult minds found somewhat obscure this jargon of their youth. So M. Gailhard's effort was warmly applauded and led the *Temps* to perpetrate a witticism at the expense of Jasmin and Vestrepain, who, we are told, "were both, without doubt, created and sent into the world to demonstrate the fact that in the land of Gascony one is artist from head to foot."

Perhaps the prettiest and certainly the freshest spot in dry, dusty Toulouse is the Grand Rond, and here, hidden away in shrubbery, the faithful Sons again assembled, this time to do honor to the memory of Auguste Fourès, whose bust, artistically sculptured by Ducuing, stood before them. Fourès was a native of ancient Castelnau-dary, with its windmills, not far from Toulouse. He was once a famous Cigalier. His journalistic work has already passed into oblivion, but his verses, scattered through the various publications which have flourished along the plain at the foot of the Pyrenees, are still remembered there, and though, like the locust, he passed away early, at forty-seven, he was not forgotten by these Catholic



Sons of Gascony, with whom, on this occasion, were associated many *Félibres* and *Cigaliers*, who warmly applauded M. Leygues when he summed up in these happy terms the tendencies of their different schools:—"Each bird prefers the tree on which it sings, but it also likes the forest."

Reluctantly quitting Toulouse, so rich in hospitality and literary recollections, the gallant Sons were whizzed by Castelnaudary in the train to historic Carcassonne, where they did homage to Gamelin, the painter of that town, who was Grand Prix de Rome, and fell so in love with Italy that he lingered on there, became the favorite artist of the Pope, was rich and poor in turn and finally ended his days as professor of drawing in the schools of Carcassonne. It was Falguière who executed the bust and offered it in the name of his brother Cadets to the museum of this picturesque spot, made famous by Laurens's "Deliverance of the Prisoners of Carcassonne," in the Luxembourg, and Gustave Nadaud's song.

In this very incomplete history of the *gests* of these modern knights-errant, I have said nothing of the grand ceremony in the Hall of the Worthies of the Capitol; nothing of the bull-fight in their honor, where the celebrated toreador Mazzantini, who had come all the way from Spain for this purpose, gave blood-curdling examples of his wonderful address; nothing of the visit to the grandiose gorge of the Tarn, where Mounet-Sully recited poetry in the twilight as the light boats sped through the foaming waters almost grazing the dangerous rocks; nothing of Emma Calvé, who greeted the delighted Cadets at the Château de la Caze perched like a nest high up on the steep river banks, with some of those plaintive peasant songs which so often startle the ear in the Black Mountains of Languedoc when the rustic shepherd is guarding his lonely flocks; nothing of Falguière swimming in the Aude and then telling stories under the shade-trees—stories almost as good as his chisel's work. But I think I have written enough to show that M. Leygues builded better than he knew when he drew about him the Parisian Sons of Gascony, and that the Sons were happily inspired when they accepted him as their leader for this initial pilgrimage through the western Midi, so rich in natural scenery and literary lore.

PARIS, September, 1898.

THEODORE STANTON.



## The Sculptor of "Pan"

Mr. George Grey Barnard and His Work

AN ISLE there is that fronteth Salamis,

Dance-loving Pan doth haunt.

ÆSCHYLUS.

It is NOT an island, but a small peninsula, jutting out into the lake in Central Park, that seems destined as the latter-day haunt of Pan. Not ancient Salamis or its blue inlets does the proposed site suggest, but perhaps it is as bucolic a spot, in its way, as could be found. A little brook runs parallel with an arm of the lake, dallying along a slender stretch of land before it loses itself in the larger body of water. This forms the peninsula, and here, on a natural boulder, the great bronze statue of Pan, by George Grey Barnard, is to rest; that is, if the present Park Commissioners favor the wishes of those most interested. It will be remembered that some former Park Commissioners proposed putting Pan on the Boulevard. But they found that that plan was the point where the comic writers and caricaturists were lying in wait for them, and in the general merriment that ensued the suggestion was lost, and Pan escaped becoming a *boulevardier*.

It is said that the peninsular site is peculiarly adaptable; reeds could be grown in the lake at the base of the supporting boulder, and in many ways the wild freshness of the dreamy forest way could be preserved. Here Pan and nature could "pipe to the spirit ditties of no Fone," and the mind have its play. It was said that Pan became enamored of Pindar for his verses. It is nature's lure over and over again. The muse is winged, and Salamis and its blue inlets but a day dream away.

In an artistic and mechanical sense, this Pan is unique. It is remarkable for its originality of conception as distinct from the Greek plastic model, and it is no less remarkable for its masterly technique in the harmonious handling of the primeval torso and adolescent limbs, and in the feeling of subtle sportiveness that distinguishes it as a whole. It is also remarkable that in its translation into metal it establishes a precedent for the casting of large bronzes entire.

Mr. Barnard has recently completed the model for a group of fifteen figures, each of which will be of heroic sizes. He calls it "Primitive Man." The pediment takes the form of a peculiar vessel, typifying the movement of humanity. Huge dragons are coiled around its sides and up to its prow, where a majestic figure, freed from the enveloping mass, stands gazing out over the tides of eternity. The other figures constitute individual groups, each figure or group of figures showing man in his struggles with the elements or in his first efforts toward converting nature's resources into mediums for his labors and development. One especially pleasing fragment of the ensemble is a group of three—man, woman and child,—the wonderful trinity of life suggesting itself in the posturing and treatment of



PHOTO. BY COX

COURTESY THE CENTURY CO.

MR. GEORGE GREY BARNARD

the adult figures, with the child as the link between them. Mr. Barnard is now working in the clay, on one of the strongest figures in the group—the Hearer. The body is in action, cutting down a tree with a rudely fashioned implement. The detail around him shows that he has constructed a crude boat and is procuring the counterpart to a formless oar lying beside him.

Mr. Barnard, the sculptor of the Pan, is a young man, and although he has secured unusual recognition in two continents by his achievements, the best of his work and his life lie before him. He, himself, says, "I am so deeply stirred by what I am going to do, that I have no heart to speak of the little done." That statement is characteristic of the man. It is not of himself that he thinks, but of his relations to the universe, of his part in the comprehensive utterance of humanity. He says that man must consider his relation to man and to exterior nature, like the man fish in Persian history



PHOTO. BY W. A. COOPER

NEW YORK

THE HEWER, FROM MR. BARNARD'S "PRIMITIVE MAN"

who came up out of the sea, freeing himself from the seaweeds and scales that encompassed him.

"Whatever the man," he says, "whatever the art, if he open the window of his heart to the light, man, God being born in man, must be his theme. We have suffered long enough in the deep, in the ocean of ignorance and darkness. Now our heads, our eyes, our ears are above the watery horizon so to see and hear when we have come, that we may see and know where we are to go. It proves that we must look for ourselves—art is only one of the means—that all may one day have true sight. I am but one in the endless procession that moves toward the horizon. Certainly I do not wish to make myself heard above the roar of eternity. But then, this is the day of the specialist. You hold the magnifying-glass to the grain of sand, which is I, while I hold eyes on the mountain; only the mountain catches the sunlight."

This life has been one of inner struggles, of spiritual conflicts, of soul-searchings for true knowledge—"la maladie de l'idéal." Like

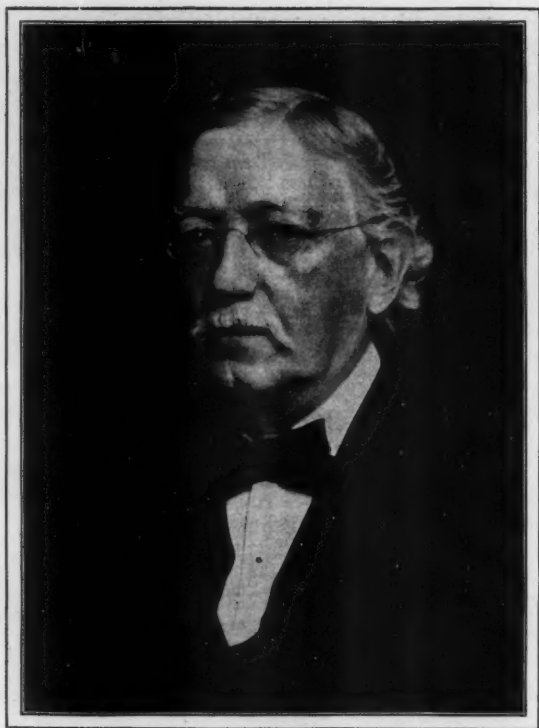
Amiel he has longed for the complete, the absolute; but he has fused his longings into expressions of his restless power, and in his marble and bronze one sees, beyond the mere registry of a phase, a growing optimism and emancipating faith. His methods have been compared to those of Michael Angelo; like him, he has seen in the human form the soul drama of mankind, the theatre of his struggles in his earth experiment. Angelo cared for great effects of light and shade. He was the first sculptor to model men as he saw them, to give relative values to the marble. In these qualities Mr. Barnard has obtained his most absolute results. This impresses one in the limbs of the Pan and the muscular handling of the torso. And with it there is a precision that shows no sacrifice has been made of form to obtain the effect of mass. Mr. Barnard takes the widest interest in philosophic and metaphysical discussion. Authors who deal in the problems of humanity attract him, such as Hugo, Marcus Aurelius and Carlyle. "Sartor Resartus" he considers one of the greatest of books. "What a state I was in when I read it!" he exclaimed, with frank enthusiasm.

His home on the Fort Washington Boulevard fronts the Hudson; it has unconsciously turned its back on the world of men, to face the pleasanter aspect of nature. It is filled with books and antiques gathered during his residence abroad. From its windows one sees the majestic sweep of the river and the vanishing Palisades. He never wearies in the contemplation they afford. A pine tree, rising high and standing apart from its companions, won his attention. "How alone in its beauty and grandeur it stands," he commented; "is it not dramatic?" For it is the dramatic quality that always attracts him; and in it, vitality and virility, guided by faith, working upward to knowledge.

REGINA ARMSTRONG.

### A Veteran Shakespeare Scholar

WILLIAM JAMES ROLFE, son of John and Lydia Davis (Moulton) Rolfe, was born in Newburyport, Mass., December 10, 1827. His boyhood was mainly passed in Lowell, Mass., where he was fitted for college in the high school. He entered Amherst College in 1845; but at the end of three years he gave up his studies in order to become a teacher. After teaching a while in Kirkwood Academy, Maryland, he became principal of Day's Academy, Wrentham, Mass., where he remained until December 1852; then he took the mastership of the Dorchester High School (the town was not then annexed to Boston), and held it until the summer of 1857, when he was invited to take charge of the high school in Lawrence, Mass. After four years he removed to Salem, Mass., but the next year was offered the mastership of the Cambridge High School. This he accepted, and has since continued to reside in Cambridge, though he resigned his position in the school in 1868. Since that time he has devoted himself to editorial and literary work.



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE CRITIC

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DR. W. J. ROLFE .

From 1869 to 1890 he was one of the editors of *The Popular Science News* (formerly the *Boston Journal of Chemistry*); and since 1890 he has had charge of "Shakespeariana" in *The Critic*, besides contributing to *The North American Review*, *Poet-Lore*, and other literary and scientific periodicals.

In 1865 he published a "Handbook of Latin Poetry" in conjunction with J. H. Hanson, A. M., of Waterville, Me. In 1867 he brought out an edition of Craik's "English of Shakespeare," which has been often reprinted. Between 1867 and 1869, in connection with Mr. J. A. Gillet, he prepared the "Cambridge Course of Physics" in ten volumes. This series, some ten years later, was entirely rewritten by the authors. In 1870 he made a school edition of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," and followed it up with editions of "The Tempest," "Julius Cæsar," and "Henry VIII." Others were eagerly called for, not only by teachers but by the general reading public, and the edition was finally completed in forty volumes. Its sale has far exceeded that of any other American edition, amounting to considerably more than half a million volumes.



Dr. Rolfe has also published annotated editions of selections from the poems of Gray, Goldsmith, Milton, Wordsworth, and Browning (two volumes); Scott's "Lady of the Lake," "Marmion," and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," with a complete edition of Scott's Poems; Byron's "Childe Harold;" Tennyson's "The Princess," "In Memoriam," and "Idylls of the King," and two volumes of selections from the Laureate's other poems, besides a 12-volume *édition de luxe* of Tennyson (published by Messrs. Estes & Lauriat of Boston), in the preparation of which, as in the other Tennyson books, he had valuable suggestions and assistance from the poet and his son. He has also edited six volumes of a series of "English Classics" of a more elementary character; and, in connection with his son, Prof. John C. Rolfe, Ph. D., of the Michigan State University, an edition of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome." Among his other books are an edition of Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," an "English History" for schools, "The Elementary Study of English," and "Shakespeare the Boy." It is generally understood that he is the author of the admirable "Satchel Guide to Europe," though his name does not appear on the title-page. He has made eighteen voyages to Europe since 1868.

He received the honorary degree of A. M. at Harvard in 1859, and the same degree subsequently at Amherst, where he was enrolled as a regular graduate of the class of 1849, at the suggestion of President Seelye, his old classmate and "chum." In 1887 he received from Amherst the further honor of the degree of Doctor of Letters.

He was married in Dorchester, July 30, 1856, to Eliza Jane Carew (a graduate of his school), daughter of Joseph and Eleanor (Griffiths) Carew. Of this union are three children: John Carew, George William (instructor in the Institute of Technology, Boston), and Charles Joseph (a lawyer in Boston), all of whom are graduates of Harvard.

### Cypresses

How STATELY and how statuesque they stand,  
 These somber-foliaged trees that one may see  
 By shrines of death in many a foreign land,  
 Mute mourners over frail mortality!

And when I muse upon them, tapering, tall,  
 One scene before my eyes will ever start,—  
 The solemn group by Rome's embattled wall  
 Forever grieving over Shelley's heart!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.



### Mr. Kipling as a Moralist

MR. KIPLING'S work is the art form of Calvinism. When Calvinism was new and fresh in the world each man was so troubled about the salvation or damnation of his own individual soul, it would seem, that he had no heart or time to work the awful theology over into art. But now that the Devil has loosed his hold a bit, and we sit up and look about us in a blinking world, something of the old Greek spirit comes creeping back; and there arises among us a poet to sing "What is to be will be, and it's all in the day's work: let no man, therefore, shirk; neither let him be afraid."

In his latest book (Doubleday & McClure) the poet's message is unmistakable. Not only is it written across the title-page in bold-faced type, "The Day's Work," but every tale bears the same burden. "It's all in the day's work, worse luck," growls Scott of the Irrigation Department, cheerfully, when he is ordered down to the famine district for months of dust, heat, hard work, starvation and small thanks. "Well, it's all in the day's run, I guess," clanks "007" consolingly to great Mogul of the Flying Freight, when he and his one hundred thousand pounds have been ditched in a cornfield by a "slim blue pig" worth "about four dollars and a half." That the state of mind of the Mogul is not so Greek as might be wished, is indicated:—"If it had been a sixty-foot bridge, an' I could ha' slid off into deep water an' blown up an' killed both men, same as others have done, I wouldn't ha' cared; but to be ditched by a shote—an' you to help me out—in a cornfield—an' an old hayseed in his nightgown cussin' me like as if I was a sick truck-horse!—oh, it's awful! Don't call me Mogul! I'm a sewing-machine." But the sentiment of the yard is plainly against him. They admit that "it was not a bad night's work for one stray pig." But when things like this happen, as they're liable to happen any day, no self-respecting engine is going to snort about it; since, beyond doubt, it was so planned from the beginning of the world and will all balance up in the day's reckoning. The same note sounds in "The Bridge Builders," when Mother Gunga rises in her might against the nearly finished Kashi Bridge, and the warning tom-tom sounds, and every man knows that "the order is in all cases to stand by the day's work and wait further instructions." It is Mr. Kipling's theology in a nutshell. Every engine, horse, man, brute, beast, ship, camel, soldier and elephant is to stand by the day's work and wait further instructions. There is to be no kicking, snorting, swearing, hr'rumphing, blowing—for it isn't good manners, and besides it won't do any good. It is largely this dogged moral force that gives Mr. Kipling's work its hold. The "swear words" sprinkled through his pages might seem to disqualify him as a moralist. But it is borne in upon us that what we need to-day is not a man who can keep from swearing—most Sunday-school superintendents can do that—but a man whose morality runs too deep to be disturbed by a surface damn or two.

It would not be easy to say how much of the effect of moral earnestness in Kipling's work is due to an Hebraic strain that runs through everything he writes. No Hebrew warrior ever led his men to battle with surer trust in Jehovah's strong right arm. No law-giver laid down his commands with more unflinching belief in the Lord's vengeance. The work has a military background. Every man must do his duty like a peg, like the rivets in "The Ship that found Himself." But the Hebraism goes deeper. It penetrates the very marrow of the style; as in "bidding him report himself with all speed at some unpronounceable place fifteen hundred miles to the south, for the famine was sore in the land and white men were needed." How many times in unpronounceable Biblical places was "famine sore in the land"? Or again: "So Dumoise gave the man his wages and went down to Nuddea alone." Sometimes the effect is impious as well as Biblical. "Upon a day, early in the morning, Madu came to the pyre and shrieked very grievously, and ran away to catch the policeman, who was on a tour in the district." Sometimes it is only grotesque: "Upon this talk they departed together to an open space, and there the fat man in the red coat fought with Dearsly Sahib. . . . And after that Dearsly Sahib fell and did not rise, these men jumped upon his stomach and despoiled him of all his money, and attempted to fire the pay-shed and departed." In "The Tomb of His Ancestors" it forms a running phrase accompaniment: "But what have I to do with these things?" "Rather let him loose the Clouded Tiger upon us." "Bring the man that was bound." "Now all these things the man that was bound told you." "I did—a hundred times; but they answered with blows." Certain chapters in Deuteronomy leave little doubt as to the source of inspiration of the Jubilee Hymn. In "Recessional," the old Mosaic "thou" that thundered denunciation and punishment from Sinai, is changed to the modern editorial "we"—"Lest we forget—lest we forget!" But the spirit is unchanged. The message of the poet is that of the law.

"Mr. Kipling's doctrine is essentially a modern doctrine. Through every man, machine, brute and beast, he says 'You've got to work and you've got to work together.'"

"Remember," he said for the hundredth time, as the riders came up, "you *must* play together, and you *must* play with your heads." "They honestly meant to play together, but it is very hard for four men, each the best of the team he is picked from, to remember that in polo no brilliancy in hitting or riding makes up for playing alone."—"No consideration of family or kin allowed Peroo to keep weak hands or a giddy head on the pay-roll. 'My honor is the honor of this bridge,' he would say to the about-to-be-dismissed. 'What do I care for your honor? Go and work on a steamer. That is all you are fit for.'"—"America's paved with the kind of horse you are—just plain yaller-dog horse—waiting ter be whipped inter shape. We call 'em yearlings and colts when they're young. When they're old we pound 'em—in this pastur'. Horse,



words, some province of snows, which, when all is said and done, has never been discovered before because no one wanted it, and which will never be lived on now, because being discovered is all it is for.

To live in the wide vital temperate zones of thought—is this nothing? To live where the glorious passions have wrought their will and the dreams and songs and lives of men have filled the soil with the seeds of prophecy and the certainty of power, this were a destiny for gods—one coming to us would say; but we hurry heedlessly on. We make expeditions with our pens. We burrow in icebergs that we may read. We are the Esquimaux of thought. Searchers for antarctic masterpieces, endless explorers, tireless discoverers calling to the world from every bleak and empty clime “Land! Land!”

There is more joy in literature to-day over one new uninhabitable idea than in all the gardens of the earth, with the footsteps of the great upon their paths, and the souls of the happy dead of a thousand years blossoming upon their vines. And when we are weary and old, and when from the colonies of oblivion we have founded, and the wildernesses of oddity we have made our own, we return at last to the place where Homer sang and Dante loved and died and Shakespeare went listening through the world, we pipe our plaint in the ears of the generations. “There is nothing new under the sun!” There is nothing left for us. The sea is worn with the prows of our fathers. The sky is woven with their thoughts and the ground is filled with their bones. Eheu! eheu! But not so to all of us. There are a few new figures, we say. We take courage. We make a stand. Skies and seas, of course, and moons and flowers and the like, these were preëmpted long ago, but the Greeks were never “off their trolleys” and the humor of the telephone has not been handed down from Aristophanes.

The invention and complexity of modern life have brought to pass a whole new class of analogies the poet may play upon. If indeed the world of thought exists to be original, we still can take to ourselves, we are told, a little courage. But it is the last sad courage. We are nearing the end. The last scramble of the original is now upon us. We talk of copyrights. We make much of plagiarism. We are on our guard. The highways of association black with emigrants, gipsies, poets, analogy-adventurers, branch out on every hand. Reporters and preachers and novelists and playwrights hurry and jostle everywhere. We are hastening to the final Metaphor of Time. Lo! as in the passing of the night, marked off upon the plain, little homesteads of expression greet us whichever way we turn. Owners, discoverers, geniuses, littérateurs, every man on his own little metaphor, plaintive, watchful, standing there—holding it against the world. “Ho, Dante! hist, Shakespeare!” we cry. “Homer, we are here!” At the foot of Parnassus



the hail rises to the sleepy gods. Until the shadows lengthen and the eternal night creeps on and the lights in our little settlements one by one go out and Parnassus looms alone.

But the jealousy of a jealous original man is as vain as his originality. The man who is very busy at being alive—which is what a genius always is—will seldom take time to consider, when living through into a thought, whether it is original or not. Only an egoist cares. It is an unimportant fact—a fact that pertains entirely to himself, or to other people, all of them, so far as the thought is concerned, equally irrelevant. Here it is. It is enough of itself. All else is gossip about it. Vast, beautiful, overshadowing, he enjoys it as he does a mountain, climbs on it, looks off from it, gets nearer to the sky, fills his lungs with its great sweet breath, and then comes down to live where he sees the sun rise over it, and knows the afterglows that play upon it, and sleeps with the sense of it all the night. It is as good for all practical purposes as if no else had ever discovered it, and probably the more it has been discovered by others, the more worth there is to him in discovering it, and the more joy that shall never be taken away.

It was a wise saying of a wise man, that a man of genius is a man who is capable of saying and feeling a thing as if it never had been said and felt before.

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## II

### That a Long Name is a Strong Name.

The professor of art in the ages to come, conning the rolls of the nineteenth century will have a footnote in his *magnum opus* something like this :—

"It is one of the minor traits of the transitional period in American life, between politeness and literature, which marked the beginning of the century, that the colonial names of social prominence were quite generally imported into letters, with what seems to us, in these latter days, a quite irrelevant but altogether harmless emphasis. It is not unnatural, however, that in a civilization where for the beginning days at least, there were more names of families to be proud of, than names of masterpieces, there should have been a tendency to use as many names as possible in authors' signatures, resulting as will be seen at a glance in a sesquipedalian nomenclature, which is one of the passing phases of this formative but to us otherwise uninteresting period in occidental art. (See page 344 *ibid.*, p. 441, p. 667.) This theory, while it cannot be said to be altogether without objection, is much more tenable, it seems to us, than Giroux's somewhat flippant observation that the mothers of men of genius, being obliged in this period, as in all others, to marry rather ordinary men, made up as well as they could for this unfortunate circumstance by giving their names to their sons. This habit—together with the well-known early American custom of never omitting the Christian name, brought about the curious longdrawnoutness that characterizes the literary names on the roll of the nineteenth century. (Giroux, Vol. IV, p. 521.)"



It will be seen by a glance at the above quotation that the foot-notes of the works of the future age, could we read them to-day, would instruct us more than the utmost, topmost pages of our own. In the meantime, speaking of names, fond fancy leads us back to the men that have been before—men that draw us strongly and surely where they speak, again and again—names with a subtle plainness in them. Jonathan Swift and Geoffrey Chaucer and Samuel Johnson contrived with two. Time, who sets all things right, may well find his hands embarrassed with tassellated and punctilious names like ours, when there are plain John Dryden and Alexander Pope to choose from, and the rest—and Homer is cut down to one, and Dante and Shakespeare.

What hope have we—we well may ponder—we little moderns here, each with the huge portmanteau of reputation upon his back and so very little in it, traveling down the years? "Nay, thou pretty little century—not so fast!" the ages call to us. Down the eras, tattered and broken, our long three names shall be thrust aside—who knows?—by some plain John who forgot that he had a mother, or some plain George who neglected to give to literature the grace of a mother's name.

John Kendrick Bunyan might have written "Pilgrim's Progress" and Charles Battell Lamb have penned the essays of Elia, or John Jay Milton have stood sponsor for the length of "Paradise Lost." But these things were reserved for a later age. The age has come and gone. Literature returns. The name which, though people will hardly remember it long, shall give them much to remember is losing hourly its olden charm. If the magnificence of "Martin Farquhar Tupper" has faded from the light of day, what hope shall there be for us? No longer this dashing generation in a far and western land, launching its little ships of fame upon the sea, will put its trust in the strength and superiority—the water-tight immortality—of the compartment name. The time is fulfilled. From the haunts of literature, the habit of names of three goes forth to-day to boys' preparatory schools. Cannot anyone have three names? More's the pity. The budding author shall defend himself by sternly taking two; but the older men, the men we delight to honor, are they not doomed to the common herd—preparatory schools—steamer lists—society notes? There is no help for it. It were hard to unname them now. Who were James Lowell or Charles Brown or James Cooper or Henry Longfellow or Oliver Holmes? What were Henry Lodge without his Cabot, or Charles Norton without his Eliot, and who were Charles Dudley Warner,—undudlied?

The slaves of the very sounds we stammer upon our lips, we bind our love to echoes all our days.

GERALD STANLEY-LEE.

## Present Usage of Certain Words

I HAVE ATTEMPTED to obtain some data for judging of a few of the interesting changes now taking place in certain English words, and of the prevalence of some usages which are rather grudgingly allowed by our dictionaries. A list of ten words was submitted to the members of two senior classes in English at Yale (one being a class in Elizabethan drama, another a class in Old English), and each student was asked to define the words on the list. Thirty-nine lists were returned, thirty-five being written by seniors and four by graduate students. It was believed that this would be a quite severe enough criterion for general usage, and the results seem worth noting:—

*Aggravate* was defined by everyone. Only 13 defined it as *increase* or *make worse*, and 6 of these also added the sense of *irritate*. Twenty-six defined it as *irritate*, *annoy*, etc., with no suggestion of another meaning.

*Climax* was defined by 37. Of these, 35 called it *culmination*, *denouement*, etc. Only 2 suggested another definition, one calling it *ascend*, and one *ladder*.

*Condign* was defined by 21, only 2 of whom called it *deserved*. Eleven expressed the idea of *severe*, etc. The remaining 8 were strangely erratic, the punishment idea appearing in 3.

*Demean* had 37 definitions, 7 of which were to *conduct oneself*. Twenty-eight expressed the idea to *debase*, etc. Two were erratic.

*Internecine* was defined by 22, only 3 of whom called it *deadly* or *bloody*. Seventeen called it *civil*, *internal*, etc., and 2 said *cut into*.

*Molley* was defined on 34 papers, and the result looked for, that is a tendency to attach an unpleasant meaning, only appeared in 3 definitions, which were: *disreputable in appearance*, *common*, *dirty*.

*Obstreperous* was defined 35 times. Only 12 definitions contained the idea of *noisy*, and only six of these had that idea alone. The other 23 defined it as *unruly*, *obstinate*, etc.

Sixteen definitions of *smug* were returned, 9 of which were *trim*, *tidy*, etc., and 7 of which were *self-satisfied*, etc. In no case were the two meanings indicated on the same paper, but it hardly appears that the former is losing ground.

Only 3 out of 36 students defined *transpire* as *to become known*. One called it to pass, and all the rest said to *occur*, etc.

The results for *trolley* were very strange. Twenty-eight defined it, only 3 calling it a *roller*, etc. Eight called it the *car*; 5 the *pole*; 5 the *wire*; 2 *motive impulse*; 2 *part of car*; 1 *electric*; 1 *strap*; 1 *connection*.

C. H. WARD.



## The Drama

### "Cyrano de Bergerac" at the Garden Theatre

IT WILL BE a bad thing for the stage if the success of "Cyrano de Bergerac" should tempt the future writers of romantic drama—of whom there will be a plenty before long—to adopt it as a model of construction; for then we should have a series of plays requiring, in their representation, the services of but one actor of the first class, with a host of inferior performers as his foils, to "serve" him, as they say in the jargon of the theatre. There has been a tendency in this direction for some time, as has been pointed out in *The Critic* more than once, and for obvious reasons it has the cordial approval and support of star actors and speculative managers. It has been strengthened enormously by the evil example of Sardou, who of late years has devoted all his extraordinary skill to the exploitation of the special abilities of Sarah Bernhardt, to the great peril of her reputation as an artist, and it is almost certain to acquire fresh impetus from the triumph of M. Rostand's brilliant work. In this latter instance the predominance of the leading personage is justified amply by the general character, purpose and quality of the work, which challenges admiration by its literary grace, its romantic charm, its rich fancy and its allegorical significance quite as much as by its mere theatrical effectiveness. Unfortunately it is only with the last of these qualifications that the ordinary playwright is apt to concern himself nowadays, his idea of a masterpiece being a play that can be presented by one good performer and a handful of supernumeraries.

Mr. Richard Mansfield is entitled to the gratitude of all intelligent lovers of the theatre for the taste and liberality displayed in his production at the Garden Theatre of this already famous piece. The enterprise was by no means devoid of risk, in spite of the chorus of praise following the performances of the drama throughout France and in London. All kinds of dangers attended the translation of it, and it cannot be pretended that all of them have been surmounted. The version by Mr. Howard Thayer Kingsbury, although commendably faithful to the original and written, for the most part, in fluent and sound English, is rarely poetic in form, and only suggests rather dimly the charm of the poet's diction and the delicate play of his wit and fancy. These qualities, indeed, could only be reproduced, and then imperfectly, by means of paraphrase by another poet. Practically, therefore, in its English garb the piece becomes a romantic melodrama, of a high order doubtless, but dependent mainly upon its love-story—without reference to the underlying vein of allegory,—and its dramatic situations, which, without the concession of poetic license, make rather heavy drafts upon the imagination.

Regarded in this light, the representation by Mr. Mansfield and his associates is worthy of high commendation. It is more than competent in a histrionic sense, and it is brilliant as a spectacle, and it is generally informed with the right spirit. If the spectator is but seldom stirred to positive enthusiasm, or thrilled by the fearful joy of suspense, he is at least constantly and pleasantly entertained, and in the later scenes, unless



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NEW YORK

MR. MANSFIELD AS CYRANO (5TH ACT)

other features are dwarfed, and thereby he deprives himself of the resources of facial expression, which are simply indispensable to a satisfactory interpretation of the part. This is all the more unfortunate because, accomplished as he has often proved himself to be in the art of eccentric impersonation, he has not the dashing, brilliant and varied action or the fervid eloquence essential to the heroes of romance, and so cannot indicate by means of voice and gesture the emotions which are concealed by his facial immobility. That he bears himself boldly and delivers his lines with a full sense of their significance is true; no one doubts his intelligence; but the fact remains that, at all events in the earlier acts, he does not succeed in making the heroic and the intellectual dominate the grotesque. Thus his treatment of the theatrical episode in the first act is not so impressive as it ought to be because, largely on account of his preposterous make-up, he is unable to express the characteristics which make him so formidable an opponent, and in the duel scene, of which Coquelin is said to make so much, he falls to

he is more than commonly callous, he can scarcely fail to experience that glow of generous sympathy ever provoked by the portrayal of chivalrous devotion. The whole effect, of course, depends upon the central figure, Cyrano, the new Admirable Crichton, whose transcendent virtues and abilities are discredited by his grotesque ugliness. In the study, the conception can be realized readily in the mind's-eye, but the physical representation of it upon the stage is immensely difficult. The man must be grotesque enough in his appearance to move all who behold him to laughter, and at the same time the gallantry and genius which animate him must shine out so clearly in his carriage and behavior as to account for the respect universally accorded him. Mr. Mansfield, who has never lacked courage, although less plentifully endowed with discretion, imposes an additional handicap upon himself by an unnecessary exaggeration of Cyrano's nasal deformity.

He endows him with a proboscis so gigantic that all his

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create much effect, partly because of the awkward translation, but mainly because of his own inelastic and unmanageable elocution.

He does well in his interviews with Roxane both in the bakery and in the balcony scene, and displays flashes of the true Gascon spirit when deliberately insulted by the rash Christian. In the battle scenes he does better still, conveying, very artistically and felicitously, the impression of dauntless courage, patient endurance and perfect devotion to a hopeless love; but it is in the last scene of all, when, wounded and dying but unconquered still, he lets the secret of his life-long passion escape him, only to disavow it with finely pathetic humor, that he really seems to comprehend the deeper possibilities of the part. At this juncture his acting is worthy of his reputation, and his death, on his feet, facing his imaginary foes, is a striking and touching climax. Here he distracts attention from dramatic improbabilities, which elsewhere assert themselves rather aggressively. Altogether his achievement is a good one, and one not likely to be surpassed by any local rival. That it is weak, occasionally, in execution cannot be disputed, but it evinces thoughtfulness and power—attributes which are rare, and therefore precious, in the theatre.

Of the remaining players it is not needful to speak individually. It would not, indeed, be possible to do so, within any moderate dimensions of space, for there are more than sixty of them. Miss Margaret Anglin is a pleasing Roxane, and Mr. William Courteney a fairly competent Christian. The others, mere atoms in a crowd, are indistinct in remembrance, but they work well together and contribute to a vivacious, smooth and picturesque representation. The costumes are rich, the scenery admirable and the groupings, especially in the battle pictures, extremely effective.

#### **"The Christian" at the Knickerbocker**

THE MERE statement that in Mr. Hall Caine's play "The Christian" the hero, John Storm, triumphs over his detractors and enemies and, after threatened shipwreck, reaches his chosen haven with his adored Glory as his promised wife, sufficiently indicates the wide difference that exists, in form and spirit, between it and the book upon which it is founded. There is nothing, however, in this somewhat radical departure from the original lines to surprise the initiated. An actual dramatization of this novel, as of any other, is obviously impossible. Even if it were practicable it would antagonize too many prejudices to have much chance of popular success. Mr. Caine, therefore, was wise in his own generation when he provided a new framework for his principal personages and followed old and tolerably safe theatrical precedents.

Whatever variety of opinion there may be concerning the value of his book as literature or a study of existent social conditions, few persons will be disposed to deny that it was written with serious purpose or that it contains a considerable measure of painful and disquieting truth, together with much character drawing of undeniable humor, skill and power. These remarks might apply, though in an infinitely less degree, to the play, but the latter is constructed upon a generally lower plane, and can only be ranked with the better order of melodrama, which, it must be remembered, is always "moral" so far as the final exaltation of virtue is concerned. The John Storm of the book is a vital figure and consistent, if





PHOTO. BY BYRON

NEW YORK

JOHN STORM AND GLORY QUAYLE

not always logical, in the steady development of his fanaticism, but in the play he is of much commoner clay and far less comprehensible. In the prologue he is an ardent young fellow about to take orders; two years later he is revealed at work in his Mission Church in Soho, and a week afterwards he is a madman trying to kill Glory in order to save her soul. Of the harrowing experience, under Archdeacon Wealthy and in the Brotherhood, which brought him to this pass, scarcely a hint is given. His actions are effective enough in a theatrical sense but, without the necessary explanation, are violent and unconvincing. This, of course, is of the very essence of melodrama. In the same way, Glory, a brilliant, original and attractive conception in the story, becomes in the play a very ordinary type of unsophisticated virtue, long known and invariably popular in the theatre, but not the paragon capable of inspiring so formidable a passion in a man of Storm's supposed character. Father Lamplugh and Brother Paul are but feeble shadows of the originals. Archdeacon Wealthy, on the other hand, is exaggerated and made offensive instead of contemptible. Drake and Ure are the only two of the leading personages who are really reproduced. The music-hall men and women, who acquire much prominence, are true enough, but have been familiar before the footlights from time immemorial.

Considered as melodrama the piece is a good specimen of its class. It is well written, is interesting, of course, although it drags a little at the opening, and has decided merits as a spectacle. All the scenery is good and the management of the mob is excellent. Miss Viola Allen, the latest



addition to the ever growing army of stars, was not so successful at first with the part of Glory as might have been expected. What her performance chiefly lacked was spontaneity, but she displayed her usual power in the more emotional passages, and was applauded heartily by the great audience which assembled in the Knickerbocker Theatre to greet her. She has since improved with rehearsal. The honors of the representation were carried off by Mr. E. J. Morgan, the John Storm, who, in the second act, interpreted an outburst of righteous wrath with a fire and eloquence which evoked genuine enthusiasm. His impersonation was natural, refined, well-proportioned and forceful, altogether a very promising achievement. Mr. Jameson Lee Finney also distinguished himself by a nicely finished sketch of the "gentlemanly villain," Ure. His cynical insolence was distinctly good, but his impersonation lacked a dash of polished diabolism. The only other player deserving of individual mention was Mr. John Mason, whose Drake had the proper air of good breeding, and a touch of honest human feeling. On the whole the representation was satisfactory. The play will not add to the reputation of Mr. Caine, which is based on better work than this, but it will probably fill his pockets.

#### **"The Liars" at the Empire**

MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES, it must be confessed, has not always received fair treatment at the hands of all his critics. There has been, in some quarters, too great a disposition to dwell upon his faults, which are obvious, and to depreciate his virtues, which are many and indisputable. Beyond doubt he is one of the best as he is one of the most successful dramatists of the day, but he has provoked a certain amount of opposition by his combativeness, his self-assurance and his rooted faith in the infallibility of his own theories and practice. Speaking generally the chief defects in his plays have been due to his determination to make as strong a case as possible for the dramatic proposition which he set out to establish, his anxiety to lose no point leading him into exaggerations and inconsistencies. Thus, in his more serious and purposeful plays, such as "The Middleman," "Saints and Sinners" or "The Crusaders," the principal personages, although vigorously, even powerfully drawn, are apt to transgress the proportions of nature and to carry with them the taint of artificiality. In the same way his humor and his pathos, often of superior quality, sometimes bear the marks of too artful contrivance.

His new comedy "The Liars," which promises to be as successful in this country as it has been in England is almost entirely free from the faults which have been hinted at. To say that it is his best work would be unjust, for it lacks many of the finer and more substantial qualities of several of its predecessors, but it is likely to survive as long as, if not longer than any of them, and judged by the standard of its class, that of genuine modern comedy, which is something quite distinct from the rubbish passing commonly under that name, it is more thoroughly satisfactory than anything he has yet written. Considered individually the characters are singularly life-like, easily recognizable as types of every-day humanity, yet fresh enough in details to escape the charge of conventionality. In themselves they are wholly plausible, although it must be confessed that their relations to each other are not always quite so reasonable.



PHOTO. FOR THE CRITIC

HOLLINGER &amp; CO.

MR. JOHN DREW

The plot, to which only the briefest reference is necessary, turns upon the escapade of a married coquette, who grants an assignation to a lover, is caught before any actual wrong has been committed, and then tries, with the aid of injudicious friends, to hoodwink her justly suspicious and angry husband with an elaborate fairy-tale which collapses utterly under cross-examination.

The scheme is worked out with admirable ingenuity, the action is clear, consecutive and rapid, the incidents are alternately humorous and exciting, without any degeneration into either farce or melodrama, and the interest is maintained steadily from the beginning to the end. So cleverly indeed is the whole fiction presented that it is only upon reflection that the weak places in the argument become apparent. In order to bring about the indispensable happy ending, without degradation to the husband, it was essential that the wife should be innocent in intent as well as in fact; and, therefore, Mr. Jones has been laboriously careful to make it plain that she is frivolous and thoughtless, and simply flirting for her own amusement. This being so, it is obviously improbable that she should be willing to sacrifice comfort, reputation and even life itself by going to the wilds of Africa as the mistress of a man whom she had regarded only as a plaything. It is not less improbable that a man of the world, an heroic soldier and the soul of honor, should be fool enough to be beguiled by a shallow doll, or scoundrel enough to abuse the rights of

friendship and hospitality, while frankly admitting, as he does, the ruin he was preparing for the woman and himself. Herein is to be observed that disproportion between cause and effect which has so often disturbed the harmony of Mr. Jones's dramatic designs.

But, as has been said, the general effect in this case is uncommonly good. All the characters are vital and the dialogue allotted to them is appropriate and natural without being trivial. The literary quality of the piece, indeed, is excellent throughout, positively witty at times, often humorous, nearly always direct, unaffected and significant. In some passages, those for instance, in which Sir Christopher, the good angel of the piece, appeals to the misguided wife and lover to seek salvation in the plain path of duty, it rises almost if not quite to the level of eloquence, and gives to the play a moral tone which makes it as wholesome as it is entertaining. In almost every way the piece is one of conspicuous merit, and it is very well acted. Mr. Drew has never had a rôle that fitted him better than that of Sir Christopher, and, in the more serious parts, he plays with a sincerity of feeling that indicates a growth of emotional power which encourages the hope that his sphere of dramatic action may be enlarged greatly in the near future. He may prove in such characters the equal of Lester Wallack. Mr. Byron gives a striking study of dogged infatuation and Mr. Harkins, Mr. Baker, Miss Tyree and Miss Annie Irish all give very competent performances. Altogether this is a notable production—a really original comedy, admirably written, admirably mounted, capitably acted.

#### **Mr. Jefferson in the Rivals**

MR. JEFFERSON'S performance of "The Rivals" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre was one of the most interesting dramatic events of the past month—in some respects the most interesting. Mr. Jefferson is certainly the most delightful and the most distinguished of living American actors, and while we might wish that he played a more varied repertoire, we are always so glad to see him again as to care very little what rôle his genius interprets. His Bob Acres has lost none of its spontaneity or charm. Though we miss Mrs. John Drew as Mrs. Malaprop, we cannot complain of Miss Paget's interpretation of the part. Indeed, Mr. Jefferson has surrounded himself with a better company of actors than is his wont. Miss Elsie Leslie, of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" fame, is now his leading young lady, and while she has still much to learn in the matter of repose and enunciation, she has the attractions of youth and comeliness.

When he was called before the curtain on the first night of his reappearance in New York in "The Rivals," Mr. Jefferson discussed, not for the first time, the advantages of preparation. He said some very true and interesting things about the actor's art, which, unlike other arts, must be perfect—ready for exhibition, in other words, while the actor is still working at it. The painter may finish his picture, and before he sends it to the gallery he puts a finishing touch, here and there, to improve it. But the actor must put on the finishing touch before his audience. Mr. Jefferson, always ready with a joke on himself, told about one night when he and the late W. J. Florence were making, in this same play, their last appearance together. Mr. Florence said to Mr. Jefferson that as they were sure to be called before the curtain, it would be well to have a little



DRAWING BY OTTO H. BACHER

COURTESY OF THE CENTURY CO.

MR. JEFFERSON AS BOB ACRES

speech prepared, and so they arranged that one was to say certain things, and the other to reply to them, when the call came. But the call did not come, and the speech that was prepared was never delivered. A most extraordinary thing, it seems to me, for if there was ever an occasion when one might expect a call, it was when these two stars appeared together for the last time. But it may be that the audience felt too sad for cheers.

## Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS. \*

*A Novel Theory of the Authorship of the Plays.*—It is novel in a double sense: it is new, and it is set forth in a novel, entitled "It was Marlowe," and written by Mr. Wilbur Gleason Zeigler, an attorney in San Francisco (published by Donohue, Henneberry & Co., Chicago). The theory is that Christopher Marlowe wrote the plays ascribed to Shake-

\* See page 357.

speare. To be sure, Marlowe is said to have died in June, 1593, at the age of twenty-nine, having been slain with his own sword in a tavern brawl. The accounts of the affair are various and contradictory. In September, 1593, Gabriel Harvey wrote that Marlowe was a victim of the plague. In 1597, Thomas Beard, the Puritan, stated that he was killed in the streets of London; and in 1598 Francis Meres referred to this story without contradicting it. In 1600, Sir William Vaughan wrote that he was killed by "one named Ingram"; and in the same year Samuel Rowland attributed his death to drinking. Aubrey, in his "Lives," cites Sir Edward Sherburne as authority for the statement that he was the victim of the famous duel with Ben Jonson in 1598. The burial register of the parish church of St. Nicholas at Deptford records that he was slain by Francis Frazer—not "Archer," as Dyce and others (including the *Encyclopædia Britannica*) have given the name.

There is no record of the escape or trial of the person who killed Marlowe. Ben Jonson was thrown into prison and "brought near the gallows" for his duel on Bunhill, but as Mr. Zeigler remarks, the slayer of Marlowe "appears to have vanished so utterly that it was not until the last quarter of this nineteenth century that even his name written in the burial register became correctly known to the world"—Mr. Zeigler himself having obtained it from the present rector of St. Nicholas.

If it be said that this uncertainty concerning the fate of Marlowe is to be ascribed to "the dearth of facilities for the conveyance of news" in that day, Mr. Zeigler replies that it was an age of "criticism, violent controversial correspondence and pamphleteering," and that the dramatist was no obscure person, but famous for his works and the controversy they had excited. "Before him there was neither genuine blank verse nor a genuine tragedy in our language."

From this confusion of accounts concerning the death of Marlowe, and the lack of evidence that efforts were made to bring his slayer to justice, Mr. Zeigler is led to believe that he was not killed, but killed his adversary, who resembled him so closely in personal appearance that the corpse could be passed off and buried as his, after which Marlowe himself lived in concealment, in London, and wrote the plays which his friend Shakespeare was allowed to dispose of as his own.

This theory is worked out very ingeniously in the novel, which as pure fiction is excellent in its way, and far more entertaining than an ordinary statement and defence of the theory would have been. The Baconian heretics might be forgiven if they had put their mad hypothesis in the same readable form. The Marlowe theory is somewhat less absurd, for he was a poet and a dramatist, whose early work was so full of brilliant promise that we cannot venture to say what he might not have done if he had not died before he was thirty; while Bacon was neither poet nor dramatist, and lived long enough to enable us to say very positively what he could and could not do.

The argumentative part of Mr. Zeigler's book is included in a preface of six pages and an appendix (largely made up of illustrative quotations) of thirteen more. It is not likely, in my opinion, to make any converts to the author's hypothesis. The arguments to which I have referred above have really no weight at all. If Marlowe was not killed, he was *supposed* to have been killed, and efforts would be made to discover and punish his



supposed slayer. Confused and conflicting accounts of the affair would have been as likely to arise in the one case as in the other. On the other hand, that the two men should resemble each other so closely that the survivor could exchange clothes with his victim and escape, and that the dead man should be taken for the living one, is almost too grossly improbable to be admissible in fiction. It is managed with commendable skill in the novel, but it is quite inconceivable that it could be carried out successfully in real life.

The other arguments adduced in support of the theory are hardly worth mentioning. There is the familiar one of the Baconians that Shakespeare's will makes no mention of his works, though "carefully prepared three months before his death, while his mind was as yet unclouded; but, as in the case of Bacon, we listen vainly for one word from the testator concerning the grandest productions of all time."

Stress is also laid on "the striking similarity of the strongest portions of his [Marlowe's] acknowledged works to passages in the Shakespeare plays; the tendency of each to degenerate into pomposity and bombast in passages of tragic pathos; the similar treatment of characters, and the like spirit that pervades them." So far as this is true, it is true only of the earliest works of Shakespeare, when he was influenced by Marlowe, if, indeed, he did not either work with him in the 2d and 3d Parts of "Henry VI," or work upon those plays after Marlowe had had a hand in their original composition.

To explain away Chettle's reference to Shakespeare's "facetious [that is, felicitous] grace in writing, that approves his art," in 1592, *before the death of Marlowe*, Mr. Zeigler is forced to deny that "Shake-scene" in Greene's fling at Shakespeare (to which Chettle replied) is a parody of "Shakespeare," and to take the ground that it "means no more than an actor who 'shook the stage,' " etc.

He has nothing to say about Shakespeare's affectionate and admiring reference to Marlowe in "As You Like It" (iii. 5.82):—

"Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might,  
'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?'"—

a quotation from his friend's "Hero and Leander." If Marlowe wrote that play in 1599 or 1600, six or seven years after his supposed death, no reason can be imagined why he should introduce in it a complimentary allusion to himself.

I advise all who read Mr. Zeigler's novel—and it is well worth reading for its graphic pictures of the life of the time—to skip the preface and the notes. No, read them for the facts and quotations they contain, which are of real interest and value. The arguments, if arguments they can be called, are not likely, as I have already said, to make any converts to the author's theory.

As a work of fiction, the book may be classed with Mr. John Bennett's "Master Skylark" and Miss Imogen Clark's "Will Shakespeare's Little Lad," both of which, while written originally for young people, are equally good reading for children of larger growth. I always take pleasure in commending books like these, and Black's "Judith Shakespeare," not only to schoolboys and schoolgirls, but to their elders as well.



## Book Reviews

### Dr. Busch's "Bismarck"

*Some Secret Pages of his History. Being a Diary Kept by Dr. Moritz Busch.  
2 vols. The Macmillan Co.*

THESE two sizable octavo volumes form unquestionably the most important work published during 1898. Brought out with almost unexampled promptness, within three months after their subject's death, they have received universal attention from the press. Yet it would seem that they deserve repeated reading, thorough digestion and the perspective of time to fix their true value. They contain not a complete biography, nor even an attempt thereat, but rather invaluable *documents pour servir* in the writing of the final life of Bismarck, which may be expected towards the middle of the twentieth century, when his work and its results will be seen from the right distance and in their true relation to the world's history.

Dr. Busch was authorized by his idol to put down everything, favorable and unfavorable, trifles and matters of the greatest importance alike, and the result is a work that is unique in its crude candor and its heedless revelation. The author's connection with the Chancellor began in February of the notable year 1870, when he was summoned from Leipzig to take charge of the confidential newspaper work of which he tells so much in these pages. His post was unofficial, and independent of the regular Press Bureau; his work of many kinds, often diametrically opposed to each other, and ranging from obscure country sheets to the capital's semi-official great dailies. He was an able tool in the hands of an unscrupulous man of genius, and his book bears evidence that he never even dreamt of doubting the honesty of those subterranean machinations; he certainly felt always sure of their success. The history of the great diplomatic events of the twenty years beginning in February, 1870, with enlightening references to the earlier part of Bismarck's career, forms one part of the book; the other, and certainly not the less interesting, is made up of conversations on a large range of subjects, all of them stamped with the strong individuality of Bismarck's mind. Shrewd, humorous, just even in their prejudices, are these observations on men and things, but, as in his political dealings, Bismarck's leading trait seems to have been a cynical unscrupulousness—a great mind not recoiling from contemptible means. The keynote of his confidential talks is an unbounded contempt for all his contemporaries.

Napoleon was "ignorant at bottom: his 'Cæsar' was intended to conceal the fact"; Grammont was "an ass" (*Rindvieh*), who would have made an excellent gamekeeper; the Crown Prince would be "reasonable later on and allow his ministers to govern more, and not put himself too much forward, and in general get rid of many bad habits that render old gentlemen of his trade sometimes rather troublesome" (the latter plainly an allusion to William I himself); Prince Charles was "'always very Russophil. He knows why!'"—and he made a motion as if he were counting money." And Gortchakoff "always wanted to cut a figure, and to be praised by the foreign press." During the Franco-German war, the Chancellor saw to it that the illustrated papers published a portrait and biography of General von Blumenthal, the chief of staff of the Crown Prince, who

"next to Moltke deserved most credit for the conduct of the war. He won the battles of Weissenburg and Wörth and afterwards those of Beaumont and Sedan, as the Crown Prince was not always interfering with his plans, as Prince Frederick Charles did in 1866. The latter fancied that he knew a great deal about these matters."

Intermingled with this are anecdotes of Bismarck's youth and student days, observations on diet, talks on religion, speculations regarding different nationalities and their traits—in short, the field covered is so wide that no review, no extracts, can do justice to its scope. "Scrappy" as some of these reports are, undigested, jotted down as they were spoken, they yet all aid in clearly outlining the mind and character of the Teutonic giant, and leaving a profound impression, whose foundations need only classification and digestion to yield a detailed portrait of the man.

The dominant impression left is of some superhuman force, sweeping all before it in its irresistible rush towards its goal; of a gigantic brain with a boundless contempt for mere human beings, intolerant of opposition, unable to regard the views of others, when its aim lay before it at the end of the road, and that road had been mapped out so that failure had become impossible. Bismarck took no pains in private to hide his contempt of the men whom he used as pawns, but who often regarded themselves as kings upon the board. William I, Frederick I, the German princes, Napoleon III and foreign diplomats, his master's allies and his enemies, they all alike were but instruments for the rearing of his proud edifice, and nothing more. Some of his references to the princes of the house of Hohenzollern and the other German rulers will certainly not appear in the German edition of the book. He trampled under foot the Divine Right abroad, and bowed to it at home, he had regard for nothing but the great work with which his name will be forever coupled, and he succeeded because his was the master mind, because he was, indeed, a force of Nature.

All means were freely employed to attain his end: Machiavelli's statecraft seemed good in his eyes, and he adapted it to modern conditions. Duplicity—treachery, even—disregard of human rights, violence, all came ready to his hand, and for the cup and dagger of mediæval days he substituted the no less potent and far more insidious poison of a reptile press. He had regard for neither age nor sex, and, surely, from his own and his nation's point of view, the end justified the means.

And yet his whole career presents a paradox. It was founded on an aspiration, a dream that had been dreamt by all the noblest, the best men of his race since the war of liberation. This cynical, subtle man of violence made possible that sentimental dream, and realized it. He must have felt its charm; his masterful spirit must have had its idealistic side, or otherwise he could never have led North and South to forget their hereditary hatreds, and inspired thirty millions of Germans with one ideal—the realization of the highest aspiration of the whole German race. The man who by his work proved himself the incarnation of all a people, who made himself the greatest German that ever lived, must have borne in his breast a greater, a nobler, a more poetic soul than is presented to us in Dr. Busch's pages. The latter, however, clearly knew this while writing his diary, for in his introduction he holds that "In a hundred years the memory of Prince Bismarck will take a place in the minds of our people next to that occupied by the Wittenberg doctor. The liberator

of our political life from dependence upon foreigners will stand by the side of the reformer who freed our consciences from the oppression of Rome—the founder of the German State by the side of him who created German Christianity." Whatever his idol Bismarck said and did has been noted with relentless fidelity. Of his inner life, the individuality that makes each man stand alone and isolated among his fellow-beings, he evidently never spoke, and therefore it found no place in these pages.

Stress has been laid in several quarters upon the ruthless severity of the measures that Bismarck advocated in the war with France, but those who have pointed to these passages have omitted to make just allowances. A man sitting in his library is apt to forget that he would be quite a different being in war, and it is undoubtedly true that the French committed unspeakable atrocities on the wounded who fell into their hands, the few prisoners they took, and the stragglers they overtook by the roadside.

The unpleasant episode of the Empress Frederick is treated at length in these pages—an episode that began twenty years earlier and was but a part of Bismarck's struggle against the influence of the Empress Augusta upon the old Emperor, which he was constantly forced to combat. The book has one great merit—perhaps the greatest of all: it is genuine, true in every detail. It has not been "doctored." Therefore it settles forever the question of the authorship of the German Empire. It proves abundantly that it was not the Crown Prince, as Dr. Geffcken tried to demonstrate from the famous diary, but Bismarck, who conceived the plan and carried it to completion. And upon that achievement rests Bismarck's immortal fame. Whatever the genius of the world's history may chronicle of him as its final judgment, he will remain Germany's greatest son, whose name will echo down the ages in song and legend, as does to this day the name of Arminius.

### "From Tonkin to India"

*By the Sources of the Irawadi. By Prince Henri d'Orléans. Translated by H. Bent. Illustrated by G. Vuillier. Dodd, Mead & Co.*

THE NOBLE traditions of Prince Henry the Navigator of Portugal, many centuries ago, seem likely to revive in our day when kings without kingdoms and princes without principalities go out in search of them and conquer not with the sword but with the pen. Such is the case with the hero of the stately volume before us, which contains new conquests for the geographical, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, graphically described by the pen of a prince without a land. Louis Philippe, grandfather of Prince Henri, wandered around, and so did Louis Napoleon, and many an exiled ex-king and queen, *à la* Daudet, has travelled in this land and that without ever dreaming of putting their wanderings into any practical shape. It is a happy thought when idle grandees cease their *pronunciamentos* and scour the globe, instead, in search of information beneficial to the race, bringing back a new seed, a new plant, the unimagined flora and fauna of a new land, as Thomas Jefferson did when he traveled in France and Italy. The bees of Italy buzz in Virginian woods to this day and many a Virginian hillside is glorious with golden gorse, brought by the prince of democrats from his wanderings in lands remote.

Prince Henri of Orleans follows in these admirable footsteps and devotes his leisure to trips of exploration in Madagascar, the Soudan, and Tibet. How much better this is than waiting for a kingdom

that may never come ! The traveler-princes of olden times have a worthy successor in him ; no difficulties or dangers thwart his indomitable spirit ; fleas of Madagascar, rats of interior China, and snows of the Himalayas possess no terrors for this child of luxury reared in Parisian palaces on beds of down. The reading of this latest record—"From Tonkin to India : January '95—January '96—" presents an unparalleled series of difficulties surmounted, mountains climbed, rivers crossed or navigated and peoples jabbering unknown languages interviewed, dwelt among, and studied.

The Prince and his party, consisting of MM. Roux and Briffaud and a large number of muleteers, cooks, interpreters, and porters, started out from Manhao in Southern Yunnan in January 1895, intending to cross this great province, ascend the valley of the Mekong river, and reach the unexplored regions of the Tibetan boundary and the land of Assam. Yunnan adjoins British Burmah, and the motley-costumed party, European, Chinese, Annamite, traversed an unknown region in the Northwest, eventually emerging from the sources of the Irawaddy and reaching the Bay of Bengal by way of Calcutta. The heroic spirit of these young Frenchmen is only the spirit of Champlain, Dupleix and La Salle, and of the Jesuit Fathers whose story Francis Parkman has so brilliantly told—the spirit of "The Northwest Trail." Usually associated with Frenchmen of the seventeenth century, this spirit is still potent in France to-day ; unhappily, however, the French explore and others walk in and enjoy their explorations ! Thus they explored—and lost—India ; thus Canada fell from their clumsy fingers ; and the tale of the mighty empire of Louisiana is thrice-threshed and thrice-sad. The French possess a genius for losing things ; colonization in the Roman or in the Anglo-Saxon fashion is to them (as Prince Henri remarks) almost an unknown art ; they even lose bleeding slices of their own body corporate—Alsace and Lorraine, and then attitudinize with Italy in the posture of the "Niobe of Nations."

Prince Henri's endeavor was to explore and add on new regions to French China and the Tonkin territory. Bravely the little band started out and bravely it battled on from one January to another, surrounded by yellow savages and jeering Mongolians whose gibberish was almost that of gorillas ; losing its mules and scientific instruments here, crossing torrents on bamboo rafts there, penetrating unknown forests, swamps, and savannahs yonder ; watched everywhere by suspicious eyes and goitred imbeciles ; often journeying with insufficient food. With true French gaiety of heart the gallant young leaders moved on, however, overcoming almost insuperable obstacles, making valuable collections of curiosities scientific, ethnological, literary, and botanical, taking astronomical observations, surveying or recording itineraries, and picking up MSS. in unknown dialects here and there. Educated mandarins cropped up in unexpected places in outlying provinces, and even omnipresent Englishmen or a French priest or two were met in the Ultima Thule.

The Prince, who kept a full diary, wields a picturesque pen ; thus describing a scene among the Lochais, he writes :—

"A wooden bridge, over a deep and beautiful river, served as shelter for our midday meal. Two massive diagonal beams, almost meeting in the centre, upheld the thatch-covered way, to which a wicket at either end, occupied by a Chinese janitor, lent access without toll. The bridge, gilded by the sun, framed a lovely picture, where the water flashed between grey-pointed rocks and stunted palms, over-hung by the orchid-laden branches of the larger trees. Beneath the bank lay a bamboo raft,

on which the descent of the river could be made at flood, in three days, to the Mekong."

Speaking of the monotony of Chinese towns in Asumao, he says:—"Most Chinese towns are alike—the same shops, the same trades, the same alleys with their wooden signs and pagodas displaying hideous dragons. There was no getting about in the streets without a loafing retinue, and no remaining indoors without a crowd of idle gapers. Drive them out with a stick at one door and they flowed in again at another, to the sore trial of one's temper." The accomplishments of the Chinese as market gardeners are fully recognized, and their general ingenuity in getting along on nothing at all. Another scene:—

"We breakfasted in the midst of a charming landscape. Pine-clad hills stood round in a semi-circle, with villages clinging to their curves. On the mound where we were a grove protected a hut, within which was an altar built of three upright stones upon a bank of earth. Feathers of fowls and bamboo tubes containing half-burnt joss sticks, were stuck before it, relics of a former sacrifice. This little temple was probably the common property of the several hamlets in sight. The situation was a fine one, and as much by its position as by its surroundings reminded me of the locality in the outskirts of Hué, where may be seen the wonderful tombs of the Emperors of Annam."

The wild regions traversed were full of strange and beautiful things. In one place "wild camellias abounded by the way, and with the change of flora, I observed also new fauna, scarlet parrots and birds of turquoise blue. Plants and insects were of no less brilliance, and it was interesting to note the law of adaptation and protective color that everywhere exists."

(In another place:—)"I examined the prisoners. Miserable tattered objects they were: one maimed and embellished with a huge goitre like the pouch of a pelican; the other halt and with his eyes bulging out of his head. They might have been fugitives from the Court of Miracles, fit to figure in one of Victor Hugo's dramas. . . . The goitred one even gave us guttural thanks, prefacing every word with a sort of bellow."

The ethnic types met during the expedition were very varied and often interesting, from the hardy, straight-nosed, dark-tunicked mountaineers, to the flat-nosed, oily-skinned, oblique-eyed ordinary Tonkin and Yunnan Mongolian. Superstition is rampant all through these *terra incognita*; for example, in one place the Chinese protect the white heron because they think it carries the soul to heaven. Many Mussulman Chinese were met with and occasionally a Christian. As they approached the Tibetan frontier the scenes became wilder; Buddhist monasteries cropped up; new and strange tribes swarmed in the vales and river courses; and at length the base of the lofty mountain walls of Tibet itself came in sight, barring further progress. The author is a great admirer of the English method of colonization, of which he says:—"The rule of Britain spreads like a drop of oil by a sort of inexorable law of nature. . . . Where no profits are, there is no English flag. . . . in this again I recognized the admirable system of English colonization. First conquer; then follow up unhesitatingly, working to turn to use what has been acquired, by pushing trade, by establishing communications, and by allowing all without reservation and without delay to extract the benefits from the fresh territory."

The abundance of excellent illustrations brings the scenes, faces, utensils, and towns along the line of the march instructively before



the reader, for whom the scientific results of the expedition are also admirably summarized in two extended appendices, containing M. Roux's "Scientific Observations of Latitudes and Longitudes, Declinations, Altitudes," fixing the geographical positions on the map; meteorological tables and daily log; natural history; vocabularies gathered; pictures of manuscripts, etc. The book is excellently translated.

### **"China in Transformation"**

*By A. R. Colquhoun. Harper & Bros.*

MR. COLQUHOUN would have merited thanks if he had done no more, in his clever and readable book on the present state of affairs in China, than to put some meaning into the empty cry of the "open door." He admits that more treaty ports would be "no panacea for the stagnation of trade." "At only twelve of the eighteen ports" at present open "are there British subjects engaged in any sort of trade, and at only three or four are they interested in the import trade." It may be assumed that Americans are as much fewer as our trade is smaller than the British,—about one third. Again, "The Russian spokesmen claim that they are working for civilization—not for Russia alone, but for the whole of Europe . . . There is no need to express doubt as to the sincerity of such professions." Russia cannot supply her own markets with manufactured products; how can she monopolize those of the Far East? So that the outer door is, we may say, open wide enough.

But Mr. Colquhoun thinks that foreigners should not be content to dump their goods at the seaboard; they should push their way into the interior, and open all doors there to all. The main obstacles to their doing so are their own apathy and indifference to small profits. "The foreign merchants are more and more ceasing to be merchants in the true sense of the word, and rather than push the interior trade and risk the market in China, they prefer to settle terms before the merchandise leaves Europe; in fact, in yearly increasing numbers, to act as mere commission agents." This is even more true of America, for it is not the case with all Europeans; Germans and Russians find it possible to transact business in the interior. But the British trader works "on a totally different system. He settles at the treaty port, declines to learn the 'beastly language' and is content to intrust his goods to Chinese agents for disposal inland. . . . Until recently, the only European agent employed by a British firm to look after their inland trade was a German." The disadvantages under which Chinese traders carry on their business—enormous cost of transportation, and complicated and excessive local taxes—are described in the chapters on "Communications" and "Commercial Development." Railways and steam navigation will work the cure. They will do away with the obnoxious *likin* system, and lead to the abolition of special provincial and local taxes. A more centralized administration, its various departments probably guided, at first, by foreigners (as was the case in Japan) will result. The palace intriguers can neither stop this growth nor direct it. Their activity will eventually only ruin themselves.

So long as Mr. Colquhoun keeps to the commercial side of his subject, his book is, in many respects, an admirable summary of the situation. But he has been a newspaper man, and he doubtless knows that facts and figures do not impress the general public, nor



sell a book of this character. Accordingly, he holds up the Russian-Chinese bugaboo, the "Yellow Terror" imagined by more inventive minds than his. He endeavors to show that the Russian advance in China is due wholly to diplomacy and military pressure, ignoring the geographical conditions owing to which the only possible overland routes to Europe lie through Russian territory. These really put the key to the future railroad system of north China in Russian hands. He tries to put a political complexion on the purely commercial schemes of French and Belgians; and, to offset their efforts, recommends a commercially useless road into Yunnan from Burma, through an enormously difficult country, and asks that the lordly British trader, when he does bestir himself to penetrate the interior, be "supported through thick and thin" in his quarrels with natives and others, presumably by British gunboats and regiments. Happily, these recommendations are not likely to be acted upon. What China needs is a strong and centralized government, and to Americans it matters little who furnishes it.

Aside from the main theme of the book, but connected with it, there are interesting chapters on "Hong-Kong," "The Native Press" and "Diplomatic Intercourse." The admirable maps are a feature of special importance, and the frontispiece shows the author in the act of interviewing Li Hung Chang.

### "Through China with a Camera"

*By John Thomson, F. R. G. S. Dodd, Mead & Co.*

WE DARE SAY there are few white men who have seen so much of China as Mr. Thomson. He has explored a good part of Kwan-tung province in the south, boating up the North River to the celebrated grotto of Kwanyin, about two hundred miles from Canton; he has visited Swatow and Amoy, made an incursion into the wild mountainous centre of Formosa, ascended the Yangtse to the borders of Szechuan; he has seen the Yellow River in flood, and has visited the ruins of the Summer Palace at Peking, and the tombs of the Ming Emperors beyond the Great Wall. A camera seems to have been his inseparable companion, and has furnished numerous illustrations, some of views and monuments already well-known, but others novel. Among the most interesting pictures are those of the mountain scenery above Ichang on the Yangtse, a fern-clad mountain gorge in Formosa, a Buddhist monastery in Fukien propped on a tall scaffolding over a precipice, and several pictures of Manchu ladies among the rock-work and flowers of their gardens, at Peking. The possession of a camera, or a natural love of adventure, has led Mr. Thomson into places never visited by the ordinary traveler. At Foochow he found a colony of beggars living in tombs of an ancient cemetery and sitting on coffins at their breakfast. He seems to have made a point of visiting every Buddhist monastery within reach; and he has found them oases of comparative cleanliness and intelligence. At Peking he was lucky enough to find a fellow enthusiast on the subject of photography in the person of a Mr. Yang, who dabbles also in chemistry and electricity, has a steam sawmill in his backyard, and manufactures illuminating gas to light his own premises. The Summer Palace has not been so completely ruined as reported. There are still handsome marble bridges, sculptured terraces, temples and pavilions.

Mr. Thomson is by no means silent regarding the faults of the Chinese; but he never loses his temper, or his head. He has been

stoned and pelted with mud owing to the popular belief that photographs are made with materials extracted from Chinese infants' eyes; but he has been more often received with courtesy and kindness even by the poor and ignorant. He remarks that these are never without a certain belief in their own superiority. They frequently tried to communicate to him some of the polish of Chinese civilization. But, perhaps, this was because he seemed to them already so far advanced as to be able to appreciate their good intentions, which would certainly have been thrown away upon those travelers who are most in need of a few lessons in deportment.

### "Songs of Action"

By A. Conan Doyle. Doubleday & McClure Co.

It is most befitting that "The Song of the Bow" should lead off, in this welcome collection of Dr. Conan Doyle's verse; since, if we mistake not, it was this nervous and animated bit of true poetry that, like

"A long shaft, a strong shaft,  
Barbed, and trim and true,"

bore home to the public consciousness the fact that this clever writer of prose possessed also the gracious gift of song. We are not even sure that this stirring lyric was not famous long before its author was, which, surely, is a great thing for a poet, and a chance which every youthful muse might hope would befall himself. Of this same sonorous train, we note "A Ballad of the Ranks" and "The Frontier Line," both of which celebrate traditional British valor and the universality of British arms—"What marks the frontier line?" The stanza that pathetically and grandly sums up the reply, tells us,

"But be it east or west,  
One common sign we bear  
The tongue may change, the soil, the sky,  
But where your British brothers lie,  
The lonely cairn, the nameless grave,  
Still fringe the flowing Saxon wave.  
'Tis that! 'Tis where  
They lie—the men who placed it there,  
That marks the frontier line."

But if Dr. Doyle has a strong predilection for the bowmen of his native land, which leads him to celebrate martial heroism in such rousing ballads as "Cremona" and "Corporal Dick's Promotion," he has no less a partiality for the yeoman sons of the soil, for huntsman and jockey, miner and sailor. A notable addition to the noble sea-balladry of Britain, touching and strong, is the lines that picture the loss of the *Eurydice*, which foundered off Portsmouth, just in sight of the homes of the three hundred boys whom she carried. We think of nothing that, in theme and treatment, so sympathetically parallels this tragic narrative as does our own Longfellow's "Loss of the *Hesperus*." Another "Song of Action," which in incident and treatment reminds us of Bret Harte at his best, is "Pennarby Mine," where the hero is a "London Swell," at sight of whom

"The grimy lads from the reeking shaft  
Nudged each other, and grinned, and chaffed,"

but who nevertheless is not found wanting when sudden danger demands fearless and clear-headed action, whereat, "'Give us your hand,' cried Pennarby Mine."

If Dr. Doyle has a *penchant* for any especial character, as evinced in this charming collection, we should say that it is for the old-fashioned groom, the loquacious jockey, the connoisseur and keeper of hounds. Arrogant, autocratic, crotchety, jealous for his old equine friend, the groom tells his story, with delightful touches of unconscious humor; and we hear how the "big bay 'orse," who was purchased for a racer, but who "ad no 'eart," and who

"Never seemed a thinkin' of what 'e 'ad to do,

But 'is thoughts was set on 'igher things, admirin' of the view,"

was, by a curious accident, compelled, like a very John Gilpin among steeds, to do his "ten mile in twenty minutes!" It might have been this same groom who in another poem figures as "The Dying Whip," whom his attendants help to the window to see the hunt as it goes by, and who comments *con amore* on the moving scene with all its beloved associations; at length pronouncing his own pathetic "finish," as follows:—

"The 'orse is cast, an' the 'ound is past, an' the 'unter 'as 'is day;

But my day was yesterday, so lay me down again."

We are somehow reminded of Tennyson's "Northern Farmer," in the sturdy tone and temper of this indomitable worthy, whose heart to the last beats true to its life-long dumb loves, and who hesitates not to "reason with" the parson, concluding indulgently,

"Parson is a good 'un, I've known 'im from a lad;

'Twas me as taught 'im ridin', an' 'e rides uncommon bad!"

Those who may look for the flavor of Celtic wit in these "Songs of Action," will not be disappointed, especially, should they chance, for instance, to open at the ballad entitled "Cremona," where the gallant Major Dan O'Mahoney has the final word. The "neatness and despatch" with which Celtic repartee seeks the mark, were never better illustrated than in the following epigrammatic gem, which we quote entire:

"Said the King to the Colonel,

'The complaints are eternal,  
That you Irish give more trouble  
Than any other corps.'

Said the Colonel to the King,

'This complaint is no new thing,  
For your foemen, sire, have made it  
A hundred times before.'

That Dr. Doyle does not mean we shall say his muse has neglected any department of "action," she is playfully invoked to sing the exploits of "The Blind Archer,"—a little song whose daintiness of conceit and nimble playfulness of measure are most captivating. The vexed problem of Heredity is suggestively touched upon in the poem, "The Inner Room"; and the volume closes, very suitably, with a selection which strikes again the heroic keynote, though "with a difference."

And now, we cannot refrain from wondering whether the consensus of critics and of such as indite "appreciations" in general, will be as cordial and entire in its reception and approval of these, as of certain other ballads, the work of one who, like Conan Doyle, had made secure reputation as a writer of prose before adventuring in the field of verse. Will those critics and appreciators be pleased to find that in these "Songs of Action" are all the swing and rush of ballad movement; all the zest for hardy life, with an eye for its

picturesque aspects, and a heart for its rude sincerity; all the verisimilitude of description; all the virility of diction and effective phrasing, without the occasional obscenity and profanity which characterize the verse of Kipling. Or, grown somewhat breathless from their ceaseless and unqualified praise of the former, will they greet with comparative apathy this later master-worker in the department of the ballad?

### "Studies of a Biographer"

*By Leslie Stephen. G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

THESE "STUDIES" are collected essays upon such topics as appeal to a man-of-letters. They deal with biographical writing, with Johnson, Gibbon, Wordsworth, Pascal, Scott's financial difficulties, Tennyson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Matthew Arnold, Jowett, and with such less known names as those of John Byrom and Arthur Young. One of the papers describes the evolution of the "editor"—a very modern personage, and another traces the importation of German into English literature.

The style has a characteristic more usual with English than with American writers—it is deferential to the reader, and not only defers, but compliments by taking for granted a certain acquaintance with literary matters. It is the attitude that was expressed formerly in the phrase "gentle reader"—meaning, of course, reader of birth and breeding. The writer of force and power gains suavity from this conventional respect, but to the weakling it is fatal—producing in him a fibreless, non-committal style that is peculiarly irritating, like the humility of Uriah Heep. With Mr. Stephen there is no lack of decided views. He handles freely such topics as the controversy between Scott's Lockhart and the partisans of the Ballantynes, dissects keenly the intellectual history of Wordsworth's youth, and comments shrewdly upon the influences that made even Gibbon's faults and shortcomings into a historian's virtues.

There is a lack of "timeliness" about these studies that should insure for them a long life. They deal with subjects that must ever claim the attention of students of literature; and they treat them in a truly literary way, rather than controversially. We seem to be seated comfortably in an English library and conversing with the well-educated, perfectly appointed student who discourses knowingly and entertainingly upon his books.

For instance, in the first essay, Mr. Stephen comments upon the views of life one obtains through the pages of the biographical dictionary, upon the bits of lives that are ever succeeding one another in dissolving views. He disclaims special erudition in human nature, on the plea that the B's tend to turn the A's out of his head, but claims that "no one can ramble through this long gallery without storing up a number of vivid images of the lesser luminaries," which are to history what good illustrations are to a book of travel. Of such illustrations these volumes present several. The story of John Byrom, author of epigrams such as the famous

"But which Pretender is, and which is King,  
God bless us all!—that's quite another thing!"

is a delightful kitcat sketch of the life of the time. Arthur Young's career is another speaking portrait. The study of Jowett, Master of Balliol, though a *genre* of modern times, is no less correctly drawn and no less forcible. There is a decided tendency to harp upon the

string of Boswell's "Johnson," but a biographer may be excused for even an over appreciation of the archetype.

The breadth of mind resulting from a liberal education in biographical study is shown throughout the volumes. Kindliness of judgment and catholicity of view are exhibited toward the men so keenly examined, and their positions are assigned them with a sanity and an absence of prejudice that are most convincing. The essay upon the "Importation of German" can be best judged by the expert student of literary history. It certainly seems to the reader a learned and laborious examination of a most interesting period—when a few devoted souls were "persuading the Englishman to recognize the existence of something beyond his insular world." The American reader will turn with curiosity to the study of Holmes, and will be gratified by the critical soundness of Stephen's estimate of the many-sided Bostonian. Here is a verdict that may be gratefully received: "Holmes is one of the writers who are destined to live long—longer, it may be, than some of greater intellectual force and higher imagination, because he succeeds so admirably in flavoring the milk of human kindness with an element which is not acid, and yet gets rid of the mawkishness which sometimes makes good morality terribly insipid."

It is difficult, however, to quote from a set of studies of so even an excellence, and it will be fair to summarize the volumes in the general statement that they are pleasant reading, and make no pretence to advance a cause or to startle the intellect into admiration.

#### "Michel de Montaigne"

*A Biographical Study. By M. E. Lowndes. The Macmillan Co.*

GENIUS is the true fountain of youth. We, who but touch it with finger-tips at utmost stretch, feel its renewing thrill come to our centres of enjoyment, a sort of electrical shock from an exhaustless storage battery, centuries distant it may be, set in the world by divine wisdom or divine accident. Once or twice in an age comes a man or a woman who has this perennial gift, this ageless influence, and imbues a book with it. One of the best endowed of these was Michel Seigneur de Montaigne, who in 1580 gave to the printer and to immortality the celebrated Essays, or rather the first two volumes, followed eight years later by the complete edition. Montaigne died on the 13th of September, 1592. Since then there has been scarcely a moment free of the busy scratching of a pen setting down comment, criticism, notes or polemical attack, with the Essays for their distinguished target.

The latest, certainly not the least interesting, of the many books about Montaigne and his writings comes through the University Press, Cambridge, from the hand of M. E. Lowndes, who has made a remarkable study of his subject. It is neither biography nor criticism; but it is a very interesting mixture of both. The author has spared no pains in sifting the few significant facts to be found outside of the Essays and bearing in any way upon Montaigne's life. These are arranged in proper sequence with comment and appreciative criticism in the light of contemporary history. Dignity and scholarly care mark the work in all of its parts.

Frankly speaking, there was but a dry bone left for any newcomer to pick in the way of original investigation. What the French admirers of Montaigne had overlooked was scarcely worth



searching after ; but what this author has done will be pleasantly acceptable to English readers. She has brought together in small compass everything that is of real importance, so far as discovery has gone, to the proper understanding of the Essays. She has condensed the works of M. Payen and the indefatigable antiquarians of Bordeaux, comparing them with those of Galy, Brunet, Dezeimeris, Malvazin and Beuther, and she has searched the history of Montaigne's time and country with intelligence to get the aid of its light. This beam of illumination made up of rays from many bits of history is, indeed, the best part of her book, and it will be appreciated by every student.

The strictly critical part, which is somewhat piecemeal in its presentation, being sandwiched between the historical and biographical facts, is perhaps the least valuable in the book ; not that it lacks the interest of scholarly and thorough breadth, acumen and wisdom ; but in the main there is nothing new. Nor is the literary style especially attractive. It is dry ; the thread of the diction kinks itself ; we come upon no charming surprises of phrase. It is all clear enough, sound enough, as composition ; but it has few distinguishing claims as literature. At the end of the book there are more than fifty pages of notes embracing a large amount of matter highly valuable to those who have not access to the works from which it is taken. These notes are mostly in French, or refer to French books, and they will be found a good guide to the general reader, as well as to the special student of Montaigne literature.

The author gently criticises Emerson for ranking Montaigne with representative men ; or rather objects to the "American looseness of terminology" by the use of which Emerson failed to make clear just what he meant by the word "representative" ; and he goes on to say that Montaigne "was of that order of mind which, however readily active in response to external stimulus, is wanting in the inner springs of action, and having neither the coördinating nor the volitional impulse, is content to accept the world fragmentarily, as it is presented in experience, and seeks neither to remould it in actuality to an ideal nor to reduce it to a unity in thought." In a word, the author, like most critics who have tried to make more or less of Montaigne than what he made of himself, has failed outright beyond the success of mere theorizing. But she has not failed in the main aim of her book ; her study of Montaigne's atmosphere and surroundings is masterly. She shows us the historical entourage of the Essays as no other single writer has done, and opens up with admirable brevity of diction the local mines of influence which made the innate ephectic temper of Montaigne so effective in dealing with the incongruous materials that he moulded into amorphous yet immortal creation, high perched in his circular tower-room the while. True lovers of the old Perigord sage will be grateful for this book, glad to discuss it with all good libraryworms who hold to the doctrine that, "*il ne fault pas attacher le sçavoir à l'ame, il l'y faut incorporer, il l'en fault pas arrouser, il l'en fault teindre*" ("knowledge must not be tacked upon the mind, it must be blended in its substance ; it must not merely sprinkle it, but must dye it"). And in spite of the author's judgment to the contrary, such a company will easily class Montaigne with the divine logolepts who "*se detournent de leur voye un quart de lieue pour courir apres un beau mot*." It is only when the thought-harrier and the chaser after fine words coalesce that we have a great literary man.



### "Anglo-Saxon Superiority"

*To What It is Due. By Edmond Demolins. Trans. by Louis Bert. Lavigne. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.*

M. DEMOLINS wrote the articles constituting this book for *La Science Sociale*, of which he is the editor. Their importance, thoroughness, impartiality and fearlessness attracted attention from the first, not only in France, but in all Anglo-Saxondom; the book passed rapidly through ten editions in France, and is likely to pass through as many more in England and America. It makes the Anglo-Saxon realize why and how he has won in the struggle of nations in the past, why and how he maintains his supremacy to-day, and why and how he can secure it in the future. To the American it has an added interest because it explains why the Anglo-Saxon element has always been able to assimilate the seemingly overwhelming masses of immigrants coming to these shores; and to the alien among us it will show why success such as he could never hope for at home is possible among his new surroundings.

Anglo-Saxon superiority, says M. Demolins, is based upon the individual, who grows up with the idea that he has to make his own way in life, and is trained for that purpose. Intellectually, morally and physically he is prepared for this struggle, taught to be independent and self-reliant from childhood onward. It is the Anglo-Saxon system of education that forms the basis of the whole superstructure of supremacy and prosperity, because it teaches us to live and to do, rather than to know. It has created among us an atmosphere in which even those who by circumstances are deprived of its direct benefits, share in its advantages, to such an extent that we have come to consider Franklin, Lincoln, Grover Cleveland (whom M. Demolins specially mentions), Edison, as natural results, merely as *primi inter pares*, whereas even in England their careers are somewhat difficult to understand. To continental Europe they are miracles that are beyond explanation.

The Anglo-Saxon form of civilization assimilates all alien elements introduced into its body, because it is the best, the highest, the most practical solution of life yet developed by man: therefore the first generation of Americans born of foreign parents becomes Anglo-Saxon in thought and fibre. How thoroughly this civilization is appreciated and understood by the best of our immigrants—those of Teutonic stock—needs no demonstration. The Latin and the Celt as races cannot adapt themselves to its conditions, and for them M. Demolins predicts ultimate disaster in the struggle for life.

All this is explained with admirable clearness in this book, which presents also the other side of the shield—the far differing conditions that prevail in Latin and German Europe. The German Emperor has dimly understood the failure of what the author calls the *formation communautaire*, the social system that relies on the state; but, instead of advocating the abolishment of the educational method that lies at its root, William II has indicated as its remedy a restriction of that method. Reduced to its simplest form, M. Demolins's theory is that Anglo-Saxon civilization rears independent, self-reliant men, whereas France and Germany produce dependents upon the family and the state, functionaries who live in poverty and die on a pension, young men who look for wives with a *dot*, young women who cannot hope for marriage without a portion. The hunt for governmental positions is universal in France and Germany; young men who bravely strike out for themselves are few, Germany

cannot populate her colonies, but the best of her sons come to us, or go to Australia or New Zealand, where they can apply their energies unhampered and unaided, where they can find employment for the qualities that bring them nearest to the Anglo-Saxon race.

M. Demolins makes light, perhaps unduly, of German commercial competition; and he may have overlooked an occasional shadow in the blinding light of what is to him an ideal state of affairs. But we have always been able to recognize and correct our own shortcomings and failures, and will be in the future. Our chronic grumblers must take heart in learning from these pages how a thinking, philosophic foreigner regards our civilization and its possibilities; and the rising generation of Englishmen and Americans cannot do better than to study its pages, that it may aid them in realizing the incalculable advantages they possess, and teach them to add consciously and conscientiously to the value of their heritage.

### The Builders of Britain and Portugal

1. *John and Sebastian Cabot. The Discovery of North America.* By C. R. Beazley. Illustrated. 2. *Sir Thomas Maitland. The Mastery of the Mediterranean.* By W. F. Lord. Illustrated. (*Builders of Greater Britain.*) Longmans, Green & Co. 3. *A Journal of the First Voyage of Vasco da Gama, 1497-99.* Translated and edited, with Notes, Introduction and Appendices, by E. G. Ravenstein. London: Hakluyt Society.

THE "TERRITORIAL EXPANSIONIST" will find abundant food for reflection in these triple volumes, which treat of the growth of a small island-group and a smaller kingdom into *outré-mer* empires of world-wide magnitude. Curiosity, hunger, scientific enterprise or love of adventure—one or all,—were the impelling causes that drove the England and the Portugal of the fifteenth century into the seas and made them seek what seemed impossible dominions beyond the horizon, in the Blue Distance of Novalis and the German mystics. Of the four wonderful men on our list who guided these impulses of discovery and colonization, one was an Englishman, two were Italians, and one a Portuguese. They were not contemporaries, but in quick succession they expanded their native or their adopted land till they widened out into the farthest East and ultimate West. A generous rivalry swelled the souls of mediæval Europeans and forced them out into tempestuous seas where Islands of the Blest danced before overheated imaginations and Gardens of the Hesperides dangled their golden apples over the brain.

John and Sebastian Cabot, Genoese by birth, Venetians by adoption, Englishmen by employment, pierced the Cimmerian cloud that lay over North America and in 1497 drew back the curtain from a new and marvellous land till then only guessed at through the achievements of Columbus in 1492. Ocean navigation then was as dramatic and daring a thing as aerial navigation is now; penetrating the clouds and darkness that lie around undiscovered thrones. "Of John Cabot" (says his biographer) "we know nothing that is not honorable; the modern researches in Italian and English archives have 'bettered' his reputation more than that of almost any other navigator of the time; there are few, indeed, among the more shadowy great men of the Tudor age who have won so much from nineteenth century study. . . By the necessity of the case the son has lost where the father has gained; Sebastian's position in the sixteenth century was largely manufactured out of exploits which really belonged to his father."

Mr. Beazley's popular biography, based upon the admirable researches of Harris, Deane, Dawson, Tarducci, Desimoni, and Coote, draws forth the wraithlike figure of the old Genoese captain from oblivion and clothes it anew with warm flesh and blood. The mysteries and subtleties playing about the lineaments of Sebastian Cabot, in the Holbein portrait (photogravured for this book), come out into the clear in this carefully weighed narrative and stand before us as other Italian things of the same age, the necessary varnish and veneering of those extra-diplomatic times.

These famous North American navigators crystallized in tangible form the speculations and imperfect discoveries of earlier times. The Chinese tradition of the discovery of "Fusang," 32,000 furlongs north-east of Japan, in 499 A. D.,—a land interpreted as meaning Alaska, British Columbia, and even Mexico; the poetic legends of Red Eric and the Vikings with their astonishing trips along Greenland, Labrador, and Nova Scotia, in the tenth and eleventh centuries; the fairy-tales of St. Brandun, the Seven Spanish Bishops, and the isle Delicous, in the sixth and other centuries; all this semi-truth and groping fiction became actual truth in the grip of these powerful Genoese, who also produced remarkable maps in attestation of their discoveries and enriched the realm of Henry VII with a continent now rejoicing in a population of a hundred millions.

About the time these valiant Italians were creeping along the northern seas, a young and noble Portuguese knight in the South, Vasco da Gama, was beginning his circumnavigation of Africa for King Zoão, doubling the Cape of Good Hope, and striking fearlessly for India. This first voyage of Da Gama occupied the years 1497-99 and in its translated form, carefully edited and annotated by Mr. E. G. Ravenstein, fills an instructive volume just published under the auspices of the Hakluyt Society (3). Portugal in its Magellan and its Da Gama is a worthy rival of Italy with Columbus and the Cabots, though we may not all agree with Mr. Ravenstein that "the first place among these three [Da Gama, Magellan, and Columbus] undoubtedly belongs to Magellan, the renegade Portuguese, who first guided a ship across the wide expanse of the Pacific." Indeed he himself a little later penitently adds: "When however we come to consider the physical difficulties which had to be overcome by these great navigators in the accomplishment of their purpose, the greater credit must undoubtedly be awarded to Vasco da Gama."

The basis of the present volume is the *Roleiro*, or "journal" written by a member of the expedition and once belonging to the Convent of Sta. Cruz at Coimbra. The author of this precious MS. is unknown, though Prof. Kopke and other authorities made diligent search therefor. The voyage gave rise to the magnificent epic of Camoens so beautifully translated by Sir Richard Burton, the *Lusiadas*, the MS. of which the poet is said to have saved from a shipwreck by swimming ashore with it held between his teeth. Lord Stanley of Alderney had in 1869 published a translation of "The Three Voyages of Vasco da Gama," now fitly supplemented by the present humbler record of an unknown sailor and scholar-companion just as Portugal is about to celebrate the fourth centenary of Vasco's arrival in India.

"The discovery of an ocean route to India, in 1497-98 [remarks Mr. Ravenstein], marks an epoch of geographical exploration no less than in that of commerce. It confirmed the hypothesis of a circumambient ocean, first put forward by Hecataens, but rejected by

Ptolemy and his numerous followers ; and at the same time diverted into a new channel the profitable spice trade with the East which for ages had passed through Syria and Alexandria. In consequence of this diversion Venice lost her monopoly, and Lisbon became for a time the great spice-market of Europe. But Portugal was a small country whose resources were hardly even equal to the task of waging the continuous wars with the Moors in which she had so unwisely been engaged for generations past. And when, in addition to her African forces, she was called upon to [listen, Expansionists !] maintain great fleets in the distant East, in order to enforce her monopoly of the spice trade, at first in the face only of the Moors, and afterwards in that of powerful European rivals, her resources speedily came to an end, and she found herself exhausted and helpless. It may well be asked whether Portugal would not be happier now, and richer, too, had she never had the opportunity of dwelling upon these ancient glories ; had the wealth of the Indies never been poured into her lap, only to breed corruption ; and had her strength not been wasted in a struggle to which she was materially unequal, and which ended in exhaustion and ruin."

A later generation—the eighteenth century—shows a continuance of this strenuous tradition of noble men and gallant knights maintaining and extending the sovereignty of smaller nations over larger. Sir Thomas Maitland (2) was truly a "Builder of Greater Britain" after Milton's own heart when he invokes : "Thou who of Thy free grace didst build up this Brittanick Empire to a glorious and enviable heighth, with all her daughter islands about her, stay us in this Felicitie !" An English knight and gentleman of the Maitland clan, he belonged to the sturdiest and stubbornest stock of Scotch nobility, tenacious as a bull-dog of a position once taken, not particularly cultured, essentially a man of action and administration, and gifted with a genius for territorial acquisition. When "King Tom" suddenly died at Malta in 1824, it was felt that a master spirit had passed, truly the "Master of the Mediterranean," for to him England largely owes her dominance in that sea.

"Of him more than of most men we can say that the man's work was the man, and his work was monumental. More of it has survived than befell with some other administrators. Of his three great tasks, Ceylon, Malta, and the Ionian Islands, Ceylon and Malta remain to testify to his capacity ; the Ionian Islands have passed into other hands. But when he died, and for forty years after, they were still English ; and Maitland must have felt that his life had borne abundant fruit . . . Maitland was a statesman, and the only Mediterranean statesman that England has produced. There have been Indian and Canadian and African statesmen not a few. But only for a brief period was England in a commanding position in the Mediterranean, and during that brief period her interests were watched and guided by Thomas Maitland. He not only managed his double charge ; he held it in the hollow of his hand. With his superfluous leisure and energy, he mastered every Mediterranean question that could directly or indirectly concern the interests of England."

Of such wonderful strain are men like Baron Cromer, Kitchener of Khartoum, Clive and Rhodes.

### "The Goede Vrouw of Mana-ha-ta"

*By Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer. Charles Scribner's Sons*

WHEN the present reviewer, who always reads prefaces, waded through the list of books—over a page in length—consulted by Mrs.

Van Rensselaer, together with old letters and papers in the possession of many Knickerbocker families, he resolved firmly to do his duty, or die in the attempt: long lists of references but too often are made a pretext for intolerable dullness. But in this case a duty conscientiously performed brought its own reward, for the book is extremely entertaining in manner and matter, and of greater value than the modest author herself seems to suspect. The book is, indeed, an example of the hard writing that makes easy reading. Although to a large extent a chronicle of a group of New York—or, rather, Nieuw Amsterdam—families, the book will prove of interest to a far wider circle of readers, because the Dutch woman of the seventeenth century was an important factor in the life and progress of the nation, abroad as well as at home. She was a good housekeeper, with a touching solicitude for *Mynheer's* material comforts, strengthening him for the doughty deeds that form the pages of his history in that period, but she was also intellectually his equal, and therefore his helpmate in a higher sense. The record of her activities is set forth by one of her descendants in a way whose pleasantness does not overshadow the historical importance of the subject. The traces of Dutch supremacy in New York social affairs persisted till the early seventies, when the last custom left here by the *goede vrouw* of Manahatta, the New Year's call, died a welcome death.

It is but natural that a book of this character should abound in Dutch words and expressions. It seems to be inevitable that in a work printed in America the majority of them should be misspelt. Some of the Dutch nursery rhymes have degenerated into unintelligible gibberish, as these pages bear witness, and we must protest against some one's utter mistranslation of the last line of Anna Lockermans's epitaph, which in reality states that "she alone was what these two were together"—that is, that she combined in her own person the virtues of both the New Testament Anna, and the Old Testament Hannah—no mean achievement, indeed, even for a Knickerbocker matron. But in a book that seems to be certain of a second edition, this is no irremediable flaw.

#### "A Primer of Heraldry for Americans"

By Edward S. Holden, LL. D. *The Century Co.*

HERALDRY is to the average mind a dark and mysterious science. In reality, its language, though hieratic, is limited and easily mastered, because its rules are firmly established, and tolerate no exceptions. The higher branches of the science, of course, are not so clear and perfectly explored, but there is a fascination about them that compensates for all the difficulties they present to one who has mastered the rudiments of the science. Traces of heraldry are found in architecture and in literature, especially in poetry. It forms an important element in Gothic ornamentation, and an understanding of its laws gives new meaning and interest to medals, seals, flags and emblems. Indeed, we have no idea of its prevalence in the objects we see around us in daily life, if we have not some knowledge of its origin and growth. The present-day recrudescence of the interest in heraldry, however, has a more personal basis. One of the fundamental theories of the science, that every man has the right to adopt a coat-of-arms, is being carried into practice in these democratic days to a considerable extent, and it is partly for the use of those wishing to construct one for themselves that this little handbook has been made. It answers the purpose well, for its exposition of the fundamental rules is



plain, and the author has wisely refrained from introducing confusing details that can have no legitimate place in a primer. The times when heraldry needed a word of apology in this country have passed, and so has the meaning of armorial bearings as the accepted, if not theoretically true, indication of gentle blood. The coat-of-arms has returned to its original significance as the emblem of success in life, whether achieved by strength of arms, by political sagacity, or by the accumulation of wealth. Each noble house of Europe originated in a *parvenu*—a strong man, or a shrewd man, or an unscrupulous one, who struggled to the top and maintained himself there; and in the same way no man to-day thinks of coat-armor before he has assured his social position.

Mr. Holden gives much good advice to those about to start a coat-of-arms. His warning against extravagance in the length of pedigrees is especially timely. None but the royal and noble families of mediæval Europe—and even not all of them—can be traced in authentic records back to the eleventh century. But pedigrees are easily manufactured. For the sake of the record, we wish to remind Mr. Holden that the lowest title of nobility in France was not *Vicomte*, but *Vidame*, which he probably omitted because at the outbreak of the French Revolution only five or six holders of the title still existed. We mention it here, also, because the hero of Mr. Weyman's "House of the Wolf" is the Vidame de Beziers.

The illustrations are excellent. Without illustrations a work on heraldry loses half its usefulness. In the present instance, their quality doubles the value of the book.

#### "The Californians"

By Gertrude Atherton. John Lane.

"THE CALIFORNIANS" is a strong, interesting and comparatively restrained novel. It is distinctly superior in vitality and attractiveness to most of the fiction of the day. Mrs. Atherton's possibilities as a novelist have always been evident to the discerning, but her popularity with that class has been damaged seriously heretofore by the fact that many of her stories are of the lurid and passionate variety, seeming to demand a refrigerator rather than a bookcase as their receptacle. Literature which requires cold-storage is not a good thing to have in the house and is never likely to be widely popular among us. Mrs. Atherton is to be congratulated upon the enlargement of her audience which is sure to follow increasing discrimination in her work, and if she has permanently given over exploiting the Patience Sparhawk type of femininity, some very good times are in store for the chronic novel-readers who unite a preference for refinement in literature with an affection for exuberant high spirits, cleverness and grip. It is chiefly by this effect of abounding vitality that Mrs. Atherton is distinguished among her compeers. She seems to have a great deal to say and says it rapidly and tellingly. Even the smallest details of her subject have apparently enlisted her keen interest and stand out vividly to the sight. In brief, her mental atmosphere resembles that produced in nature by the strong, diffused light of the southwest.

The book is a story of San Francisco society in the eighties. Magdalena Yorba, the heroine, is the daughter of a Spaniard of old California, and a New England school-teacher. She is plain, shy, intellectually acute and emotionally intense. The blending of the Spanish and the Puritan in her temperament is strongly brought out



in the progress of the story, and the combination is novel and interesting. Magdaléna is not only credible but very real. It is something of a triumph in characterization that the reader should feel as strongly as he does her physical defects, her silence, awkwardness, inadequacy and pride, and yet have his sympathy keenly engaged in her behalf. Magdaléna's best friend is the Helena Belmont who figured as heroine in that combustible little tale, "A Whirl Asunder," but whereas the Helena of the former book was boisterous, vulgar and repellent, this Helena is quite comprehensible and human.

The truth of Mrs. Atherton's painting of Californian society with its strange blending of Spain and America is, of course, a point upon which most of her readers are not competent to decide. But her descriptions have the effect of accuracy and the picture she presents is coherent and interesting.

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### "Gallops"

*By David Gray. The Century Co.*

IT WERE not easy to make a correct guess at the true scene of these short and enjoyable sketches of an American hunting set. According to the author, it is called currently the Parish of St. Thomas Equinus, though to the Bishop of the diocese it is known under another name. We may add that he who is fascinated by its charms will make a mistake if he crosses the East River to reach its clubhouse and colony. The author has humor and a thorough understanding of the emotions of the man on horseback; he does not parade his knowledge of horses—in fact, he pokes some fun at the profound equine lore professed by some riders; but we are willing to accept his judgment, and to be guided thereby. Of course, where men are congregated together, and horses are their passion, horse-trading is unavoidable. This is one of the traits of character that make all the world kin, but we doubt whether that sharp, somewhat doubtful form of transaction has been developed anywhere to such a state of immoral perfection as among us. In fact, to justify ourselves, we have made sharpness in horse-trades a venial sin, raised it to the dignity of a demonstration of intellectual resourcefulness. But the good Bishop, on his first visit to the parish, was treated to a rapid succession of physical sensations and moral shocks that left him without words to chronicle the experiences of that day in his beloved diary.

Tandems, hunting, steeplechasing, horse-trading, marriage, and many other things are treated of in these clever trifles. Not the least amusing character in them is Carty Carteret's sister, who, though profoundly ignorant of horses, mischievously pretends to a thorough understanding of all their points, and then tells one of the men in confidence:—"I know a white horse from a brown one, and I have a preference for long tails, which I consider sensible. You see, when you are driving, it's the tail you see most of, isn't it? A system of judging horses by their tails would appeal to me." A description of the sensations of a man before and during his first steeplechase also deserves mention.

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### "Floriah's Mourning"

*And Other Half-Hour Sketches. By Ruth McEnery Stuart. Harper & Bros.*

THE FRINGES and outskirts of literature are often the most ornamental portions of the vestments in which the many-colored Muse of Romance deigns to clothe herself—not over-solemn robes, anyway, in these

frivolous days, and all the more attractive for being trimmed here and there with a little sparkling *passementerie*. Many ingenious modistes, male and female, cater altogether to this sort of literary sartorial taste, and give us the brilliant short tale, the humoresque, the expanded, high-seasoned anecdote, the bright, brief dialogue, which answer well for what one may call the embroidery of literature. Henry James began with work which, to his later novels, is as point-lace to brocaded silk; and there is a powerful school of French writers in the same line whose delicacy of art has been carried to the inimitable.

If Mrs. Stuart is not as fine a worker as these delicate artists, she is at least quite unapproached, in our judgment, in her own particular field of the humorous and pathetic, drawn from experience on the Southern plantation, and from lowly "colored" life south of Mason and Dixon's line. Here she is an admirable observer, whose sympathy with her creations is ardent and spontaneous. The "twice-told tale" comes up as a new thing from her practised pen, which is never dipped in gall, and never altogether in honey. Life in the Slave States is bitter-sweet, now as of old: the same old immemorial human nature loves and hates, laughs and lounges there as doubtless it did in the "Old Creole Days" before the flood, or at least before De Soto. "Moriah's Mourning" with its attendant sheaf of stories is full of it, flashed upon us at various angles of the tragic or the grotesque situation as revealed in the darkey consciousness. Occasionally a deeper string is struck, and "A Minor Chord" is the result—a tale all greys and pathetic neutralities of tint connected with old New Orleans folk. Many of the thirteen short stories in the book lend themselves excellently to elocutionary treatment or public reading by a competent reciter, particularly by one familiar with the negro dialect and the negro character. The realism of "An Optical Dilemma" might be made deliciously vivid as an acted monologue, while "Apollo Belvidere: A Christmas Episode of the Plantation," would give a felicitous dialoguist an opportunity to "appear" in several different voices.

Homespun as Mrs. Stuart's *passementerie* is, it is of the kind that wears well; and it has caught a sheen on its back, like the Southern humming-bird.

#### "The King's Jackal"

By Richard Harding Davis. Illus. by C. D. Gibson. Charles Scribner's Sons.

MR. DAVIS'S new story is hardly more than a sketch—a somewhat elaborate draught of what might have been made into an entertaining novel, if he had taken the necessary time and trouble. But we fear that the author is working along the line of least resistance, in a field for which he has a natural aptitude, but which will not satisfy his ambition, if he desires fame and not merely the material rewards of his chosen craft. If he continues in his present path he will have to be satisfied with an enthusiastic and indiscriminating audience of immature minds. *The Critic* has ever been ready to acknowledge Mr. Davis's clever touch and originality of observation, and it welcomed his "Soldiers of Fortune" as a step in the right direction; but the present book bears unmistakable marks of carelessness and indifference. The plot of "The King's Jackal" invites comparison with Daudet's "Le Roi en Exil," and the comparison is fatal. We do not purpose to compare Mr. Davis's work with Daudet's, nor would he wish us to do so. The likeness between the two plots, however, must occur to most readers, and give them food for thought. The French book is the work of a master who added to his natural gift a cultivated power of unremitting hard work. Daudet, too, might have "dashed off" his story, and the result might have been a "King's Jackal." Whether Mr. Davis, by hard work, could have turned his "King's Jackal" into a "Kings in Exile," is exactly the question that we wish to see solved—the question that we would advise him to solve as soon as possible to the best of his ability, that the results of his reliance upon his fatal facility be not mistaken for the limits of his talent.

**"Bladys of the Stewponey"***By S. Baring-Gould, M. A. Frederick A. Stokes Co.*

THE hangman plays a large and gruesome rôle in the folk-lore of Europe. He figures in many legends and tales, not in his official capacity, but in his relation to his free fellow-beings, who put the mark of Cain upon him, and excluded him and his from their common lives. He was an outcast more utterly than the worst of the criminals he executed. In ancient taverns on the continent may still be seen his table and chair, and his tankard chained to the wall, from which none but he would drink; and which was filled by the waiter with face averted and a backward movement of the hand. The man's craving for companionship, his longing for a wife and children in those days when the home played so much more important a part in men's lives, naturally suggested itself as the theme of many of these legends, and thus they tell time and again of the executioner going far abroad to win by deception the bride whom he could not find at home. It might be worth the while of some folklorist—of the Rev. S. Baring-Gould himself, for instance—to gather these many legends in all the tongues of Europe, and to publish them in a volume that would be as fascinating as it would be gruesome.

The central idea indicated above has been used in "Bladys of the Stewponey," but, strange to say, erudite folklorist though the author is, he seems to have learned its existence only from Maurus Jokai's "Beautiful Michal." He has made it all his own, however, worked it into a truly English tale of the Shropshire of the last century, with all the happy fidelity to the atmosphere, the customs and peculiarities of the period which is found in all his works. The groundwork of fact upon which the tale is constructed is the last case of burning for "petty treason" in England, at Shrewsbury, in 1790. The tale is excellently done. Meanwhile we hope that the author will accept our suggestion of a collection of the European folklore of the hangman in search of a wife. It will repay him a thousand-fold for the time and trouble taken, even though he never publish the book.

**"Glimpses of England"***By Moses Coit Tyler. Henry Holt & Co.*

Possibly inspired by the setting in of the era of good feeling between our kin beyond the sea and ourselves, Prof. Moses Coit Tyler has collected into a small volume a number of sketches of English life which had periodical publication over thirty years ago. Their chief interest, as well as their great defect from another point of view, lies in the date of their writing. There is just enough of them to sustain the attention for about the length of time that one is sometimes moved to give to turning over files of old newspapers: one likes, in a way, to see how things looked to an intelligent American observer away back in the sixties—that far-off period to younger men which is the term of Mr. Max Beerbohm's expression of his growing older, "becoming already," in his characteristically ironical phrase, "a trifle 1860." Nearly everything has changed since these papers were written. The Queen, indeed, has doubled the length of her reign, and greatly strengthened the ties which bind her to her people, since this description of her was written. But not one of the other personalities singled out for separate treatment is any longer on earth. Disraeli and Gladstone, Lord Brougham and Lord Russell, John Stuart Mill and John Bright, Mazzini and Spurgeon, all are gone. The House of Commons, whose manners and customs of the past are set forth minutely, has changed from "the pleasantest club in London" into something more like a bear-garden. A chapter headed "The Accusation Against Mr. Gladstone" sets one wondering, until one is recalled by the date 1866, which of the innumerable sins charged to him in the last twenty years of his life is thus dignified by the definite article. The book is worth reading simply for the realization of how far the world travels in a single one of the swiftly moving generations of to-day.

## New Books and New Editions

THE NEW EDITION of Soule—for "Soule's Dictionary of Synonymes" has attained that eminence which is evidenced by needing no other designation than the author's name—is thoroughly revised and enlarged by the Professor of Philosophy in the University of California, Dr. George H. Howison. Books of synonyms are like revolvers in Texas—you live a long while without needing one, but when you require one, it is profanely necessary. The poet's eye in fine frenzy rolling may save itself a few revolutions by referring to the Three Musketeers of synonymity—Roget, Crabb, and Soule. Privately, the reviewer considers the first of these the D'Artagnan, but what shall a man give in exchange for his Soule? The new edition is delightfully clear in print, easier of reference than Roget, and fuller than Crabb. Minute textual criticism would be as uncalled for as laborious. The consideration of synonyms is like the study of logic—given the intellect and the work is easy; the intellect failing, the battle is lost ere it begins. Consequently, attempts to discriminate too nicely become soon superseded by changes in the living words themselves, for the realm of language has become a democracy, and usage is determined by majority vote. An orderly citation of words in alphabetical order as in Soule, or in philosophical order, as in Roget is all that is desirable. (Little, Brown & Co.)

A NEW EDITION—the fifth—of Saintsbury's "Short History of French Literature" is a sign that this valuable work is in demand in spite of certain birthmarks and defects with which it is handicapped. These are over-minuteness, excessive elaboration, and a detail that is at times bewildering. It is always a question whether a so-called "short history" of any literature, even the meagerest is practicable. Matthew Arnold in his admiration of Brooke's "Primer of English Literature" thought that the long-sought masterpiece had been found; but we doubt whether he would have accorded the same praise to Saintsbury's 600 crowded pages. The most valuable feature of this new edition, apart from the correction of mistakes and misstatements; is the expansion of the chapter on the Nineteenth Century in France from about 60 to 130 pages. This is a fine running sketch of contemporary thought and production in France, critically studied by a discriminating mind too much given to hair-splittings in deed, but inspired by a genuine enthusiasm for French literature, "great in all ways, but greatest on the lighter side." The book may profitably be read in connection with the volumes of Professors Dowden and Wells, recently reviewed in *The Critic*. There seems a doubt whether V. Hugo was born on the 28th of February, 1802 (as stated p. 497) or on February 26. (Macmillan.)

MUCH HAS BEEN written of late on the subject of book-plates, and Mr. W. J. Hardy, in bringing out a new edition of his volume, mainly concerning English examples, has been able to add some matter of interest from the works of Mr. Charles Dexter Allen on American book-plates, and from those of Miss Norma Labouchere, Mr. Egerton Castle, and Mr. Walter Hamilton, all of which have been published since the first edition of his "Book-Plates." He has also secured a new illustration, of the handsome design engraved for Mr. Everard Green, F. S. A. Mr. Green bears the heraldic title of "Rouge Dragon," which symbolic beast enwraths his coat armorial in the plate. (Imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons.)— "HENRY MOREHOUSE TABER: A Memoir" will pleasantly preserve the memory of a well-known merchant of this city, who passed away last Christmas Eve. Mr. Taber was a man of strong character and great outspokenness, the liberality of whose religious views led to a profitless discussion when his will was offered for probate. His son, Mr. Sydney Richmond Taber of Chicago, has not overstepped the bounds of modesty in this privately printed booklet, which, with its record of an active and helpful life, will be welcomed by a wide circle of friends. Two portraits

embellish it; and the presswork is that of the Lakeside Press.—*The Land of Sunshine* has a very definite field to till, and is tilling it with energy and success. We congratulate Mr. Lummis on the appearance of Vols. VII and VIII; if the paper covers of the twelve monthly numbers were stripped off before the permanent binding was put on, the tome would be more comely. (Los Angeles, Cal.)

"LE LYS ROUGE," by Anatole France, is a story of the usual French-woman, the victim of the inevitable uncongenial marriage and consequently the inevitable lover. In her case there are two lovers, though she has the discretion to be hopelessly in love with each of them at different periods. M. France is a graceful and clever writer, and gains the reader's interest in his story even though the theme is not one that commends itself to the average un-Gallicised American. The fantastic and disreputable Choulette recalls Verlaine, and the little English poetess is a good foil to her very Parisian French friend. The book has been translated into English, which will not add much to its reputation. The whole atmosphere is so thoroughly French that it is like wearing a bathing costume in Fifth Avenue to read about M. France's characters in English. These things do not happen in English—or American. (Brentano's.)—THE EVOLUTION of Mr. Hamlin Garland is proceeding apace. Its character, so far, is neatly summed up in the publisher's note which is printed on the paper cover of the miniature edition of "The Spirit of Sweet-Water," which tells us that the tale "has for its central theme the restoration of an invalid young woman to health by the encouragement and influence of a strong-willed healthy man." Mr. Garland, in short, combines Whitman's theory of emanation with a sex theory of his own. The only trouble about the compound is that it seems to protest too much its own superiority to all other forms of physiologico-psychical fiction. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)

THE LETTERS written by Walt Whitman from Washington while he was serving in the hospitals, and published under the title of "The Wound-Dresser," have a double interest: that attaching to a graphic and truthful description, by a non-professional observer, of the state of the army hospitals during the war, and that which belongs to everything that throws light on Whitman's personality. The doctrine that a sort of divine afflatus proceeds from the healthy human body, and is of more use to the sick and wounded than doctor's physic, appears more than once in these letters. It is part and parcel of that gospel of the flesh and the emotions which Whitman proposed in "Calamus," and afterwards, in part, discarded. We can imagine the magnificent Walt of those days strolling through the wards like Apollo the Healer, radiating health, and every now and then stopping, god-like, to perform menial services. Encouraging it must have been to the patients, although we are bound to say that there was probably a fair share of humbug in it. These letters strengthen our conviction that Whitman was essentially what he always averred himself to be—the average American with that person's faults as well as his virtues. They now appear as collected and arranged by Dr. Bucke, Whitman's literary executor. (Small, Maynard & Co.)—THE "SELECTIONS from the Prose and Poetry of Walt Whitman," made by Oscar Lowell Triggs of the University of Chicago are fairly representative of the "good grey poet." We might have done without the rhapsodical and badly punctuated preface to the first edition of "Leaves of Grass," which is nothing more than a curiosity as here printed "verbatim et literatim" from the 1885 edition; but there is little else that might be spared, and the general reader will find in this one volume perhaps as much as he can assimilate of the great exponent of Americanism. The editor's "Introduction" is mainly biographical. (Small, Maynard & Co.)



"LIFE IN AN OLD ENGLISH TOWN," by Mary D. Harris, a volume in the "Social England Series," gives the history of Coventry from the earliest times, mainly compiled from historical records. Few old towns in England can rival in interest this "Prince's chamber," as it was called in the olden time, famed for parliaments and royal visits, for its pageants and religious plays that form so important a part of the early history of English dramatic literature; for its ancient monasteries and guilds, its many fine specimens of ecclesiastical, municipal, and domestic architecture, its legend of Lady Godiva, its modern industries and commercial importance. No one who has lingered in sight of its "three tall spires," or visited St. Mary's Hall, or gazed at the effigy of "Peeping Tom" at the corner of Huford Street, can fail to enjoy the book; and those who have not visited the town (many American tourists neglect to do so) will be unwilling to miss it on their next tour to the Old Country after getting an idea of its manifold attractions as set forth here. The book is copiously illustrated with reproductions of photographs and facsimiles of ancient documents. (Macmillan.)

"BROWN MEN AND WOMEN; or, The South Sea Islands in 1895 and 1896," by Edward Reeves, purports to be "nothing more ambitious than to give a simple, chatty and lifelike description of the happy brown men and women and the comfortable missionary," on some half-dozen groups of Pacific Isles. It is obvious, however, that the author's aim is to make the missionary less comfortable, as he loses no opportunity of attacking him, decrying his work, and urging that the contributions to foreign missions should cease. The sixty illustrations are from photographs and are artistic as well as accurate. The map is of the island Tonga, from an original sketch. Many of the descriptions are entertaining, and, of course, at Samoa, Mr. Stevenson is much discussed, views of his house being inserted and anecdotes of him recorded. The author bewails that the happy islanders should be worried by attempts to make them understand Christian doctrine and European civilization. Both, he claims, are always "disastrous." It is not likely that such opinions will find favor, and it is, in fact, absurd to advance them, as no power can stem the expansion of the higher races in these favored islands. (Macmillan.)—IT IS NOT a picturesque or a graceful life that is depicted in Robert Louis Stevenson's essay in Scotch verse, "A Lowden Sabbath Morn," and the sweet absurdity of being a Scotchman, which none has more beautifully demonstrated than Stevenson, seems hardly to have dawned upon Mr. A. S. Boyd, whose illustrations are either cheerful matter-of-fact, as in the picture of Marget and Dauvit Groats on their way to church, or harsh and most un-Stevensonian satire, as in the two pictures of the Dominie. We have no right to expect that the quality of Stevenson's humor should be reproduced in the illustrations; but such an obvious point as that presented by the description in the last stanza of the angry preacher failing to stir the sleepers and the dead—the great though silent majority of good and sensible Scotchmen—should not have been missed. Yet the illustrator makes three separate pictures of the preacher, a sleeping parishioner and a tombstone, and so fails to echo the sense of the stanza. (Scribner.)

"THE BOSTON AT HAWAII" is a chapter of modern history told by one who saw much of what he describes. Lieut. Lucien Young, U.S.N., spent fourteen months in the islands and was in command of the land forces of the United States during the revolution of 1892. His manuscript, penned in 1893 on his return home, slumbered in the Navy Department, and when handed back to the author had on it the official ban. Under the present administration Lieut. Young, having in the meantime revisited Hawaii and brought some of his statements nearer to present date, the work has been published by permission. Ten chapters are devoted to the history of the Sandwich Island group and to descriptions of



the places, customs and peoples. Then follows the narrative of the act of Queen Liliuokalani, which was seized as an excuse for the landing of the Boston's troops to protect American property and the establishment of the provisional government. Mr. Young writes in a straightforward, un-studied manner, making little distinction in his style and diction between classic English and the phrases coined last year. Furthermore, he is a frank believer in the annexation of Hawaii by the United States. None the less, we have in this lively little book a valuable addition to the history of Hawaii, especially in the critical years 1892-93. (Washington: Gilson Bros.)

THE TITLE OF "The Study of Man," by Alfred C. Haddon, is not a proper index of its contents. One might take it to mean a text book of anthropology; but it is, as the author says, "merely a collection of samples" from anthropology, several of them reprints of articles in popular periodicals. As the first instalment of "The Science Series" projected by the publishers, it may not be quite so "scientific" as students would like. It serves, however, as an introduction to the methods of the anthropologist, written in a clear, pleasant style, and by one who deservedly ranks among its ablest teachers. The earlier chapters describe the measurements of the human frame and why they are taken, the color scale of hair and eyes, the form of the skull and the character of noses as racial traits. Most of the book, however, is occupied with what is known as "folk lore." This deals with toys and games, tops, kites, bull-roarers, the tug of war, cards, chess, and so on. These are traced in their origin, relations and significance, thus opening up curious glimpses into the progress of mind and the relations of ancient nations. The "evolution" of the cart and the jaunting-car are also considered. The illustrations are well made and the manufacture of the book satisfactory. (Putnam.)

"MUNGO PARK," by Mr. T. Banks Machachan, is a recent issue in the "Famous Scots Series," which now numbers nearly twenty volumes. The books are small, averaging about 150 pages each, but they will be none the less welcome on that account in these days of literary deluge, for they are models of condensation without dryness, giving a better idea of their subjects than many bulkier and more costly works. (Scribner.)—"THE SHORTER POEMS of John Milton," edited by Mr. A. J. George, contains, in addition to the English poems, the two Latin elegies and Italian sonnet to Diodati and the *Epitaphium Damonis*, arranged in chronological order, with introductions and notes well suited for educational use. (Macmillan.)—"SOME COMMON ERRORS of Speech," by Mr. Alfred G. Compton, is a small but scholarly book of a class deservedly popular with teachers and students of the vernacular. It deals not only with grammatical questions but also with the good and bad use of metaphorical language. (Putnam.)

WE READ at page 13 of "Across the Everglades," by H. L. Willoughby:—"It may seem strange in our days of Arctic and African exploration, for the general public to learn that in our very midst, as it were, in one of our Atlantic Coast states, that we have a tract of land one hundred and thirty miles long and seventy miles wide that is as much unknown to the white man as the heart of Africa." But Lieut. Willoughby has not shown that it is a tract that is really worth knowing, from a utilitarian point of view, which is probably the reason it has not long since been thoroughly explored. The Everglades are not, it seems, as black as old-time reports painted them, and the idea of a "huge swamp, full of malaria and disease germs," must be given up; but then for many square miles, the author admits, the mud is a "trifle soft"; and then think of being "baffled by saw-grass," and forced at times to "fight it" or beat an ignominious retreat. Mr. Willoughby has changed the popular idea of the

Everglades, but he has not shown them to be Paradise or the outskirts thereof. A sportsman and a naturalist, the author gathered a good deal of most excellent material, and we are forced, at every page almost, to wonder why more use was not made of what was apparently at hand. If he had made a larger, he would have made a better book; or, if writing was too irksome for the explorer, it is a pity he did not place his manuscripts in editorial hands. But this does not mean the book will prove a disappointment; for the many illustrations help out the meagre text, and to read it is to become less of a stranger in our own land. (Lippincott.)

IF THE multiplicity of bird books is an evidence of growing interest in ornithology, then it would seem as if Audubon Societies were scarcely needed, for everybody is a friend to the birds; but as a matter of melancholy fact, everybody is not, or if not positively unfriendly, is indifferent, and so books and bird-clubs are still desirable, for through them will be prevented, before too late, the silencing of the thrush, and robbing of the field of many a charm appealing both to eye and ear. The bird's place in Nature is realized by few, even of those people living beyond the limits of a town, and many a village has inhabitants who can tell the haunts of a quail or woodcock, but nothing of the vireos that sing all through the summer's day, and devour a noxious insect every second of every sunlit hour. Very welcome then is every book that leads to further enlightenment on the subject of what birds really are, and this beautifully printed volume concerning the "Birds of Village and Field," by Florence A. Merriam, is among the latest comers. It is a volume that can safely be put in the hands of any young person, for it is not misleading. It is almost wholly a compilation, but skill has been used in wielding paste and scissors instead of pen. Scarcely a page but is bristling with quotations, but only the meat has been picked from the Government Reports and learned essays in *The Auk*. The illustrations are many and generally excellent; of course uniform merit is scarcely to be hoped for. A woodcut like that on page 298 tells more than any printed page and will be appreciated by beginners in bird-lore beyond the most near to Nature of the full-page illustrations. Miss Merriam's book should be in every school library in the land, and Santa Claus should buy a large edition for distribution next Christmas. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

MISS BLANCHE MCMANUS has furnished a series of four very acceptable "colonial monographs," treating of the Pilgrims, Quakers, French and Dutch who helped in early days to make our country. "How the Dutch Came to Manhattan" has been both penned and pictured by herself. Its pages contain a little lake of text with a dam of beavers at the top and a margin of conventional tulips at the bottom, while at the right and left are pictures of men, incidents and scenery. The human element is both Dutch and Indian. The artistic part of the work is excellent, even though occasionally odd, as we see the Mohican brave standing in a canoe beside the Dutch ship, and find that the top of his scalp is about on a level with the Half Moon's deck. Unfortunately for the author, her only conception of the history of New Netherland seems to be that furnished in Irving's classic joke told at length by Diedrich Knickerbocker. Even then, her representation of the Dutch grandees does not accord with the description given by the humorist of Sunnyside. For, while Diedrich paints Stuyvesant with a "cocked hat" and "his face rendered terrible by a pair of black mustachios," the Gov. Stuyvesant of the pictures, in three different places, wears a hat with a straight or only slightly curved brim, and has a face clean shaved. However, his wooden leg, properly turned, like the balustrade post, and banded with silver, is artistically represented in the pictures. The book as a whole is comely, notwithstanding that even the grammar might occasionally be improved. (E. R. Herrick & Co.)

THE CHIEF FEATURE of "How to Play Golf," by H. I. Whigham, is the abundance of full-page, half-tone plates that illustrate it, and that show the manner of playing of several noted players. There are also maps of the St. Andrews, Prestwick and North Berwick links, a chapter on the "Development of the Game in America," and the revised rules adopted by the St. Andrews Golf Club in 1891, with rulings and interpretations adopted by the Executive Committee of the United States Golf Association in 1897. (H. S. Stone & Co.)—"THE GOLFING PILGRIM," by Horace G. Hutchinson, is an agreeably written book about golfing experiences on many links, parts of which have already appeared in *The Golfing Annual*, *Blackwood*, and other periodicals. St. Andrews is the golfing pilgrim's Mecca, where theologians, literary fellows, and soldiers meet to talk of golf, and to find that it is impossible to invent a new requirement of that all too perfect game. And much of the pilgrim's book concerns St. Andrews, but not all. There is a chapter on "The Golfer in Art," suggestive to sculptors and others; and one on "The Pilgrim Abroad," which takes you into France and the Pyrenees. (Scribner.)



"GHOSTS I HAVE MET, and Some Others" is written by John Kendrick Bangs, in that irresponsible style known to readers of "A House-Boat on the Styx" and "Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica." Some of the ghosts are decidedly novel; as that one that left no other trace of its appearance than its effect on the hair sofa, which from black turned completely white. The cigar-smoking ghosts of Barney O'Rourke are also something new in the way of apparitions, and the cockney ghost in "The Exorcism That Failed" is almost too bad not to be true. We can stand a good deal from Mr. Bangs and his ghosts, but we do not want to be haunted by whichever of them is responsible for the banging about of "it" and "they" on page 5. If that passage was inspired by a ghost, we fear we can never accommodate the writer by getting "used to the idea that ghosts are perfectly harmless creatures." There are curious illustrations by Newell, Frost and Richards. (Harper.)



IF IT IS WRONG to look a gift horse in the mouth, why is it not wrong to criticise harshly a passably well-written poem? The poet who takes the pains to put irreproachable sentiments into passable verse never gets paid for his labor. Why is he treated as though he were a millionaire extortionist? It must be that we hate more to be robbed of our time than of our money. Mr. Charles Camp Tarelli's "Persephone, and Other Poems" show a certain degree of skill, a fair amount of talent, a good supply of the poetical currency of the Victorian mintage which it is now about time to retire. But they lack that "personal note" so dear to the appreciative critic, and they certainly open out no new way in poetry. Why, for instance, should Mr. Tarelli, like so many others, imitate Villon? That person was a bad scholar, a bungling thief, and no very great poet. But he belonged to his age, for which reason he is still read. Mr. Tarelli belongs neither to Villon's age nor to his own. But writing poetry is a good preparation for writing prose. It is possible that our poet may not have lost his time. (Macmillan.)



THE LATEST ISSUES in the series of The World's Great Books are Gerald Griffin's "The Collegians," Manzoni's "The Betrothed," Symonds's translation of Benvenuto Cellini's "Memoirs," and, in one volume, the mendacious "Adventures" of Sir John Mandeville, and the veracious and not less interesting "Eothen" of Kingsley. Each volume has a readable introduction—that to Griffin's story by Cardinal Gibbons, and that to Cellini's "Memoirs" by Mr. John C. Van Dyke; and each contains a portrait and other illustrations, printed on toned Japan paper. (Appleton.)

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 The Macmillan Co.  
 Longmans, Green & Co.  
 G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
 R. F. Fenn & Co.  
 Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
 Henry Holt & Co.  
 Dodd, Mead & Co.  
 D. Appleton & Co.  
 G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
 Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
 Ginn & Co.  
 Doubleday & McClure Co.  
 Chas. Scribner's Sons.  
 Thos. Whittaker.  
 Longmans, Green & Co.